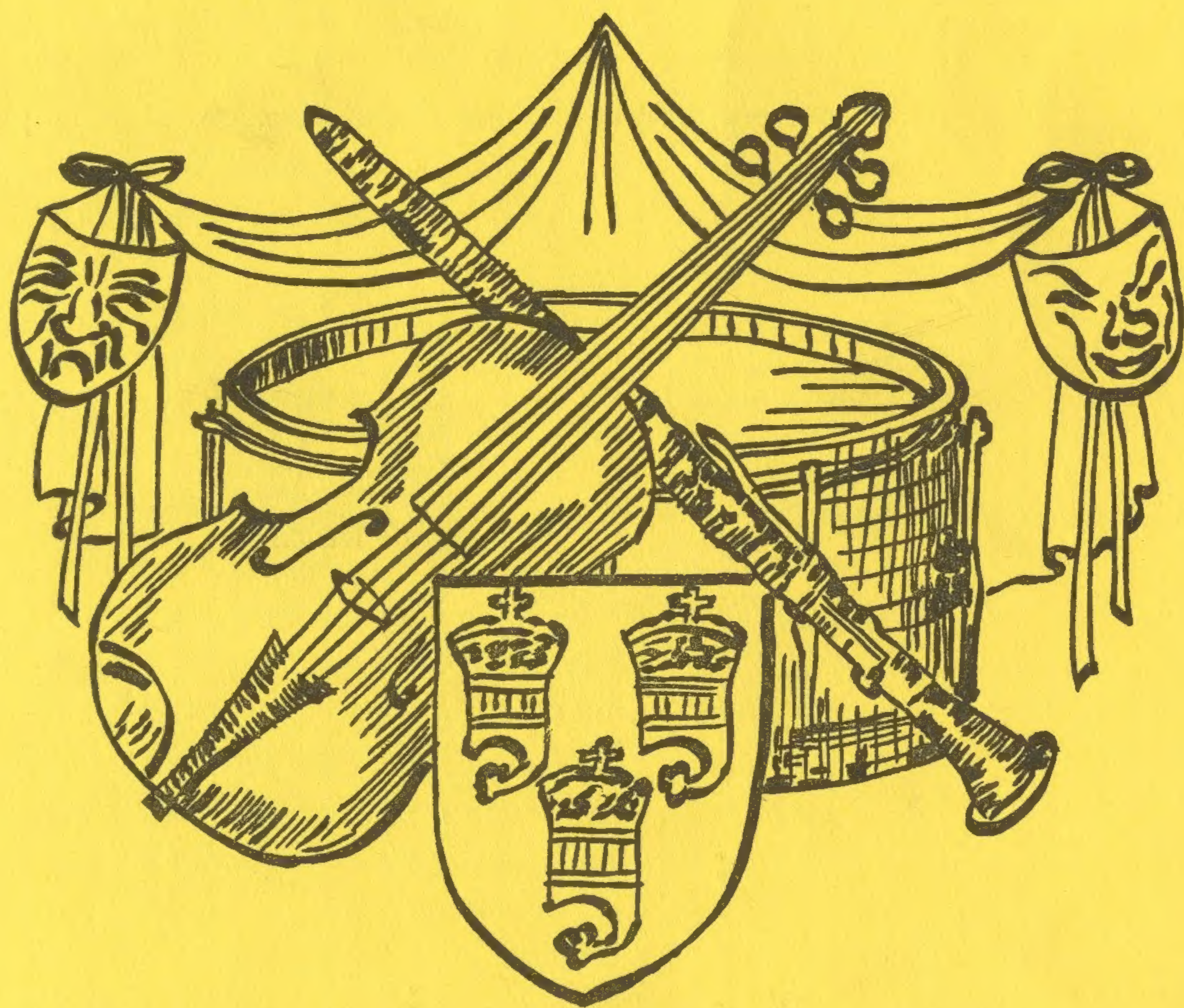


THE  
R · C · M  
MAGAZINE



SUMMER TERM  
1984



# THE RCM MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1904

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***Editorial Address:*** The Royal College of Music,  
Prince Consort Road, London. SW7 2BS

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# THE R C M MAGAZINE

A JOURNAL FOR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS AND  
FRIENDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, AND  
THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE RCM UNION

*The Letter killeth, but  
the Spirit giveth life*

Volume 80, No. 2      1984

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MICHAEL GOUGH MATTHEWS



## EDITORIAL NOTES

Following the College's Jubilee, 1934 was a year of loss for British music, with the deaths of three 'masters' within three months. Elgar, Delius and Holst were remembered together in the concert the Director conducted on 14 March 1984.

Elgar had accepted an FRCM in 1924. The astonishingly beautiful performances of *A Village Romeo and Juliet* under Beecham in June 1934 had been planned to follow the election the previous autumn of Delius as a Fellow, in the unfulfilled hope that he might be present. Holst died, only 59, after many years of association with the College; a student from 1893, he was awarded a composition scholarship in 1895, joined the staff in 1919, and became a Fellow in 1924.

It is a sad coincidence that in this issue, which reprints excerpts from three of the six articles about Holst from the December 1934 *RCM Magazine*, there has also to be an obituary of his daughter, Imogen, who has done so much for his music. It is a privilege again to be allowed to reproduce the last photograph of Holst, taken about nine months before he died.

\* \* \*

At the unveiling in Westminster Abbey on 8 April of a Memorial Stone to Sir Adrian Boult (exactly 95 years after his birth) there were references to composers already commemorated there — Purcell, Blow, Handel, Stanford, Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Britten, Howells and Walton — and of course to our national good fortune that it was Sir Adrian who was appointed to the BBC in 1930, to lead fine music into so many homes and minds, through radio, and lastingly in many recordings, especially of British music. His many contributions to the RCM will never be forgotten.

\* \* \*

The programme of the short concert given in honour of Peter Morrison on his 90th birthday by James Lisney is on page 96. Amongst those present at the recital were the Chairman of the College Council and a number of Vice-Presidents, Council members, Professors, members of the Administrative Staff and Students, as well as Mrs. Morrison and other members of his family and close friends.

After offering congratulations and good wishes to Mr. Morrison on behalf of all associated with the College, the Director paid tribute to his loyalty and devotion to the College, and thanked him for his continuing interest in the welfare of both staff and students and for his great generosity.

The Director then invited Sir Keith Falkner to present to Mr. Morrison a bound facsimile of the autograph score of the Mozart Piano Concerto in C minor K.491, as a token of affection and gratitude from all at the College.

After he had gratefully accepted the gift, Mr. Peter Morrison handed to the Director two envelopes which were found to contain cheques for £1,000 and £200 from the Peter Morrison Charitable Foundation and the Arnold Ziff Charitable Foundation (the latter a gift to the College from Mrs. Marjorie Ziff — Mr Morrison's niece); subsequently an additional cheque for £200 was sent by Mr. Hyam Morrison.

\* \* \*



The Museum of Instruments has had to be closed from late March to late September for building work on the new Library and staircase. The Lending Library closure is from 29 June till 24 September.

#### DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS — SUMMER TERM 1984

I hope that you have all had an enjoyable Easter vacation. For some, I know that it has been an exciting and adventurous one: the members of the Auriol Quartet (Stephen Bryant, Nicholas Whiting, Brian Schiele and James Halsey) have spent a week in Oman as the guests of His Majesty The Sultan, giving three concerts; 10 students of the College have been to Canton, Shanghai, Peking and Hong Kong with the European Community Youth Orchestra; and 41 have been to Spain with the Young Musicians' Symphony Orchestra. Such trips during College vacations are to be welcomed, for they provide valuable supplementary experience to the regular training the College offers during term-time. Furthermore, I am convinced that musicians who are dedicated to their art are splendid ambassadors; they can often establish with fellow-musicians of other countries a degree of trust and of mutual understanding which make a positive contribution to the promotion of good international relations.

It gives me great personal pleasure to report that during the vacation, our President — Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother — has been graciously pleased to approve, on the recommendation of the College Council, the appointment of Mr Michael Gough Matthews as Director of the College from 1 January 1985.

This news will be received with great satisfaction by all those members of this College who, over a period of many years, have respected his musical judgment, his administrative skills and his integrity; and have witnessed his devotion to the College as a student, as Director of the Junior Department, as Registrar and Director of Studies, and latterly as Vice-Director. The appointment of Mr Gough Matthews as Director of the College will also be welcomed by the senior staff of the other British Music Colleges with whom we work very closely, and by the Examiners and Staff of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

I am also very pleased to announce the appointment as Registrar of Mr Jasper Thorogood, who will continue his excellent work as Assistant Director of Studies until such time as his successor in that post is appointed.

Last term the RCM Symphony Orchestra participated in recording sessions of music by Dimitri Tiomkin. The sessions provided for over 100 students valuable experience of performing music under the exacting conditions of the recording studio, where not only discipline and concentration are required, but also considerable patience and sympathetic understanding. The producer and the engineers expressed their delight at the playing of the orchestra, and they hope that the edited tape will be of high quality. Mrs Olivia Tiomkin, widow of the composer, has on account of the recording made a very generous donation to the Centenary Appeal (which has now reached £3,358,188), and she has indicated that, should the record be issued commercially, as is hoped, she wishes the Appeal to receive the royalties on the sales.



After consultation with the Students' Association Committee, I am recommending to the Trustees of the Prince Consort Foundation that part of the money donated by Mrs Tiomkin be spent this term, and the remainder during the next Academic Year, so that the students who participated in the recording sessions will be amongst those who will benefit from her generosity. Expenditure plans include the purchase of additional video cameras, monitors and mixing equipment for our Recording Studio, so that video films can be made of student performances for study purposes, and possibly also for job applications and auditions. I believe that it is likely that increasing use will be made of video-tapes for the selection of artists by music clubs and other concert promoters, and also for the short-listing of candidates for posts overseas, and for audition by Trusts and other grant-giving bodies.

With improved video-recording equipment the College will be able to produce tapes of higher quality, and gradually build up an archive of important College concerts and opera productions which should be of historic interest in the years to come.

Another probable use of Mrs Tiomkin's gift will be for the purchase of a number of percussion instruments which the College has hitherto had to hire. Many contemporary composers include in their scores gongs, cymbals and drums of types not owned by the College. It must be a sound investment to purchase those instruments which are likely to be used regularly, provided that the arrangements are satisfactory for their storage when not in use.

At the beginning of a summer term examinations loom large in the thoughts of almost all of us, for there can be few in this hall who will not face an examination of some sort during the coming weeks. Examinations have an important part to play in the educational process, as they provide a means of assessing ability and progress, and also undoubtedly act as a spur to endeavour. We have at the same time to acknowledge that there are dangers in any excessive reliance on the examination system, since it can have a narrowing effect upon our development, and provide a disincentive to us to read widely and to develop interests outside our main sphere of study.

For musicians there is a particular danger of excessive concentration upon their own art form, to the exclusion of literature, drama and the visual arts.

Having said that, I think that we have to accept that examinations are a necessary part of life, and we have to learn, as part of our College training, how best to cope with them. Those of us who are performers get examined regularly throughout our professional career, sometimes by professional critics; more often perhaps by the no less discerning general public. We have to learn how to cope with success when it comes our way, and how to face the discouragements and disappointments that almost every artist experiences from time to time.

Even a College such as this has to submit itself to examination from time to time, so that the Secretary of State for Education can be satisfied that the taxpayers' money is being spent wisely, and in particular that the courses for which mandatory grants are awarded are based upon sound curricula and acceptable standards.



But more important than any form of external examination that we may ever have to face is, or should be, self-examination. The development of the faculty of self-criticism, the ability to look objectively at our own performance, and the desire to set for ourselves the highest standards of which we are capable should be our constant aim, and those standards should apply whenever and wherever we perform, whether it be in a major concert hall or in a school classroom, in a cathedral or in a village church.

Regularity of study is important in our preparation for examinations, since intensive preparation at the last minute is conducive to stress. We have to learn how much time we can profitably devote to our daily practice; this is something which may vary greatly from person to person and from instrument to instrument. We have to learn too how best to use that time, for thirty minutes of highly concentrated study can be more valuable than sixty of disorganised effort.

In the planning of our weekly schedule we have to allow time for social activities and, if we are not members of an orchestra or choir, for making music with others; we have to allow time too for reading and for listening to music, so that our horizons are continually being enlarged; and we cannot afford to neglect the need for recreation and exercise, for without good health we cannot long survive in a profession where the co-ordination of mind and body, and emotional stability, are required.

As a College we have regularly to re-examine our aims and our teaching methods, to review our administrative structure, and to seek ways of improving our facilities for study. Here it is relevant to mention that by September we hope that the integration of our Reference (Parry Room) and Lending (Wolfson) Libraries and their transfer to the Basement of the Old Building will have been undertaken, thus completing the second phase of the Centenary Development Plan.

For some time it has been thought desirable to have a teaching qualification available only to those who have pursued a course of full-time musical education. The Council, following a recommendation from the Board of Professors, has therefore approved that from this term internal students of the College will be eligible to receive a new teaching qualification, called the Dip RCM (Teacher).

The syllabus of prescribed works etc. is identical to the ARCM's, but the normal annual examinations in Aural, History and Musicianship will take the place of those sections of the ARCM requirements. Details will be posted on the Examinations Notice Board. There is no change for College students in the requirements for ARCM Performing Diplomas.

\* \* \*

The Director then introduced Mr Colin Bradbury and Mr Oliver Davies, who performed the following works for clarinet and piano:

Antonio Spadina	Omaggio alla memoria di Giuditta Pasti
Weber	Grand Duo Concertant
Kalliwoda	Morceau de Salon



## THE RCM UNION

The Union Office has moved! After many years in Room 45 we have moved to the other end of the corridor and are to be found in Room 34. Our former Office has been divided in half and is now occupied by the Bursar and his Secretary who I know will be pleased to direct callers to our new premises.

Please let us know when *you* change your address. Sometimes we have to resort to quite a lot of detective work to discover the present whereabouts of our members. Another request — Please pay your subscription early in the financial year which runs from 1st September to 31st August. This saves a lot of work for the Honorary Officers. Standing Order forms are available from the Union Office.

SYLVIA LATHAM  
*Hon. Secretary*

### NEW MEMBERS

Philip Whitfield Aikman  
David Andrews  
Lionel Fawcett

Mrs. C. Wadsworth (Carol Long)  
David Whiston

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS \* denotes Collegian

### BIRTHS

COLE: To Jayne\* and Richard Cole, a son, Simon James, on 21 October 1983

STOCKER: To Mei-Lee\* (née Ong) and Markus Stocker, a daughter, Melinda Suat-Lee, on 17 November 1983

WILDER: To Kathleen\* (née Parker) and Stephen Wilder\*, a son, Charles

### MARRIAGES

JONES—ASHCROFT: Robert Morley Jones to Leila Ashcroft\* on 10 November 1983

McMICHAEL — RUSHTON: Martin McMichael\* to Kathryn Rushton\* on 9 April 1983

WILLIAMS — PARKER: John Charles Williams to Jean F. Parker\* on 30 December 1983

### DEATHS

KIRKLAND: Catherine Kirkland on 23 March 1984

LEWIS: Sir Anthony Lewis, FRCM on 5 June 1983

THOMSON: (Peter) Lionel Thomson in February 1984

TOMKINSON: Kathleen Tomkinson on 3 May 1984

VAN DER GUCHT: B. J. (Jan) Van der Gucht on 18 May 1984 in Canada



## VALETE

For me, the College was epitomised in 1971 by one word from Ruth Dyson. I had commented on the great friendliness and tolerance of everyone. 'Yes', she said, 'we are tolerant about everything except one thing'. I fell for this and asked what the one thing was. 'Music' she replied. So be it, always.

Hilarity has not been far below the surface for long throughout my twelve years as Bursar, and the real reason why I have retired three years early is to spare my system any more of such intensive laughter-punishment. Strange to say, however, a few things of a serious nature have been going on also. Fortunately, it was before the Centenary, and thus also before the 'cuts' which accompanied it (non-musically), that the relationship of the College with the Department of Education & Science was changed from a vague 'Grant in Aid' to a theoretically more specific 'Deficiency Grant Aid'. Without the latter, the recognition of Trades Unions could not have helped greatly over the acquisition of very overdue national Pay Scales for all. These three major changes within a hectic five-year period transformed the College without affecting its happy atmosphere — a vitally important, but not unexpected outcome. All these things, including the 'cuts', and the reaction to noise during the building operations, have illustrated how adaptable to change the College can be, despite occasional false appearances to the contrary!

It has been my very good fortune to serve under two great Directors, to have found the deliberations of the Council and of its Committees absorbingly interesting, and to have always enjoyed greatly my connections with all sections of the College — just now and then over alcohol, and why not? Many friends have come my way (including teetotallers, non-cricketers, and people who do not write hymn tunes), and I am very grateful.

Michael Matthews took over the Junior Department at the same time as I became Bursar. He really does have eyes in the back of his head, you know. Take a look, and you can sometimes see them. He and I have never had a cross word, which speaks volumes for him.

The Administrative Staff have an astonishingly wide range of skills, much wider than in the normal Non-Teaching Staff of a School. I have often wondered, especially since some of them don't actually administer, whether a more appropriate title would be Supporting Staff, thus illustrating that in their many different ways they all support the mainspring teaching function of the College.

May the music folk of Prince Consort Road continue to flourish throughout their second century, as they will, and above all, may they go on laughing, as they also will. College life is far too serious a matter to take far too seriously.

DAVID IMLAY



## RCM GIFTS AND SOUVENIRS

These items were introduced to mark the RCM Centenary, and several thousand pounds have been raised for the Appeal by their sales over the last two years. Several items such as glasses, photographs and key rings are now sold out, but we do have a limited number of the following left:

The recording of the Service of Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey on 28 February 1982 (on record or cassette)		<i>p &amp; p</i>
	£2.75	£1.00
RCM Tie: plain navy blue with a gold musical motif surrounding the Prince of Wales' feathers (the motif used on RCM cheques in 1882)		
	silk	£8.50 £0.50
	polyester	£4.50 £0.50
<i>The Royal College of Music: A Centenary Record</i> 1883-1983 by H. C. Colles and John Cruft		
	£5.00	£1.00
Musithon Mug (to commemorate the Centenary non-stop Musical Marathon on 23 October 1982)	£1.50	£0.50
RCM glass dish	£1.50	£0.50
RCM sticker	£0.30	£0.15
RCM carrier bag	£0.04	£0.15

All these gifts and souvenirs are on display in the Inner Hall of the College, and they may be purchased during Office hours from the Bursar's P.A. Alternatively you may leave your order at the Porter's Lodge, or write to the Bursar's P.A., and your order may be collected or posted to you as you wish. Please make cheques payable to 'The Royal College of Music Centenary Appeal' including the appropriate *p & p* (postage and packing) amounts if you wish items to be sent to you.

## GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE

ANON: £2,000 to the Junior Department Bursary Fund in memory of Dorothy Drabble.  
Mrs ELAINE ARMSTRONG: a violin attributed to Klotz, and a Tubbs and an early French bow.

MICHAEL GEARY and Mrs EDWARD HAGUE: a large selection of dresses, shirts and other garments for senior and junior students.

ERNEST HALL: a painting and a drawing of himself playing the trumpet (placed in Room 28).

Mrs HELEN JAMES: £2,000 to endow a Menges String Quintet Prize.

Mrs P. M. PULLEN: £1,000 to endow a violin prize in memory of her father.

JOHN ROLPH: £150 for the benefit of students from Guernsey.

Gifts to the Library have included the Catalogue de l'Oeuvre d'Albert Roussel (1947) from JOHN DENISON (presented to him by the composer's widow); some music from Mrs FRITZ HART; and letters and a photograph from Coleridge-Taylor to Miss Edith Carr from Mrs E. MARY ROWBOTHAM.

The College has received US\$25,000 as part of a bequest for scholarships from JULIETTE B. TEMPLETON.



## ROYAL COLLEGIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD

HUGH BEAN, EILEEN CROXFORD and DAVID PARKHOUSE gave concerts and classes in Singapore, Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Kuching, Panaga, Bandar, Kota Kinabalu, Manila, Hong Kong and in China in March and April 1984.

CHRISTOPHER GREIR and RODNEY SLATFORD are leaving the professorial staff in July 1984.

NORBERTO CAPELLI and HECTOR MORENO (both pupils of COLIN HORSLEY at the RCM, as British Council scholars from Argentina) now live in Florence, and have recently toured widely in Europe and in North and South America. They have presented to the RCM Record Library a copy of their recent two-piano record of music by Ravel (the composer's versions of *Introduction and Allegro* and *Rapsodie Espagnole*) and Poulenc (*Sonata for two pianos*).

LIONEL FAWCETT is now a Singing Teacher with additional Choral Training responsibilities at the Municipal School of Music in Mannheim.

AIDAN FISHER is now Composer-in-Residence at Charterhouse School.

MICHAEL HARRIS (Sub-Organist of Leeds Parish Church and Assistant Director of Music at Leeds Grammar School) has been appointed Chorus Master and Conductor of the Ilkley and Otley Choral Societies.

ANTHONY McNAUGHT has been appointed Director of Music at Perrott Hill School, near Crewkerne.

MARTIN McMICHAEL has been appointed Head of Music at Littleport Village College, Ely, Cambridgeshire.

PHILIP MOORE is now Organist and Master of the Music at York Minster.

JOAN TRIMBLE has received an Honorary Master of Arts Degree *honoris causa* from the Queen's University of Belfast for services to music.

## STUDENT HONOURS

LORNA ANDERSON won First Prize (£1,000) in the Peter Pears Singing Competition, on 31 March, and MALCOLM MARTINEAU the Accompanist's Prize (£250). LORNA ANDERSON was also runner-up in the Kathleen Ferrier Competition, and won the Boise Foundation Scholarship (£2,000), for which GERALD FINLEY and JAMES LISNEY were highly commended.

The Auriol Quartet (STEPHEN BRYANT, NICHOLAS WHITING, BRIAN SCHIELE and JAMES HALSEY) won the Royal Overseas League Ensemble Prize (£300, and half of a recital in the Queen Elizabeth Hall in June).

MARK BEBBINGTON will be the second holder of the Franco-British Society's Perlemuter Prize, covering the costs of taking part in a course at St Jean-de-Luz from 24 August to 17 September.

JOANNE CLEMENTS won a Dolmetsch recorder in a National Solo Recorder Competition in Guildford.

VERNON DEAN, CAROLINE DEARNLEY, PHILIPPA IBBOTSON and JACQUELINE SHAVE (former student) have been awarded Royal Society of Arts Music Scholarships.

NEIL KELLEY has been awarded the St. George's, Windsor, Organ Scholarship for 1984/85.

CHRISTOPHER ROSS and TIMOTHY STEVENSON (postgraduates) are sharing the 1983/84 PRS Arthur Bliss Memorial Scholarship.



## OF BOOKS AND OTHER THINGS

This first article is written in the hope that it will highlight new books and journals and bring to users those features of the library which otherwise may escape notice. To a lesser extent it will also serve to draw attention to work in progress and comment on any other matter deemed relevant. It is written in the belief that with the amalgamation of two libraries in the summer, new scope and vitality will enable one of the College's most valuable resources to be used to the full. It is obvious that only a very small selection of what has come in over the past term can be treated even superficially in the present article, but a little of the variety and the potential can perhaps be displayed.

### LITERATURE

The Mannheim school and the early development of the modern orchestra is a perennial favourite for essays and here Eugene K. Wolf's *The Symphonies of Johann Stamitz* will be invaluable. In many places the density of the text equals the complexity of the arguments, but despite this one is constantly amazed by the facts the author has amassed and the clarity of his presentation. Reading is undoubtedly enhanced by the very high standard of both paper and printing and the freedom from typographical error. The general introductory chapters may be the most useful to students. These cover the sparse biographical facts hitherto known on the composer and a few more besides, the social and artistic conditions prevailing in eighteenth century Paris and Mannheim, and the problems of bibliographical authenticity together with overall comments on the early symphony. The central and longest section of the book expands this into a study on the formation of the classic style, and the work is then capped by a scholarly thematic catalogue, replacing all previous ones in its rigour, of the symphonies and orchestral trios, based on the arguments already outlined.

UMI generally publish expensive reprints of barely revised doctoral theses of limited value. Two volumes more worthwhile than usual have recently come from them. Frederick Neumann's *Essays in performance practice* concentrates on *notes inégales* and the trill in eighteenth century music and also reviews Robert Donington's work in the same area. A sane discussion on authenticity in performance can also be found in the journal *Early Music* for February 1984, where amongst other matters Nicholas Temperley takes a look at the varying interpretations of choral music with an appreciative and timely nod at the commemorative performances of Handel's *Messiah*, and Robert Winter examines modern revivals of the 19th century piano as a performing instrument. At this rate Schoenberg will soon receive the attention of the early music enthusiasts.

The second, in their series 'Studies of Russian Music', is Aleksandra Orlova's *Musorgsky's Days and Works* which first appeared in Moscow in 1963, but now comes in an excellent translation by Roy Guenther who contributes further editorial work for the guidance of the Western reader. It is an indispensable documentary biography and is, as the introduction puts it, a unique diary of the thoughts, words, activities and accomplishments of many of the most important musicians in St Petersburg. Such is the detail that much concerning Mussorgsky is actually pinned down to an exact day.



Denis Arnold's new edition of that long favourite *The Oxford Companion to Music* is expanded to two volumes, is more objective, and has an international flavour without losing its personality. It is particularly useful for information up to 1983 and on individual pieces of music. Often the summaries are more accessible than in *Grove 6* and definitions more compact but with more detail than those in the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary of Music*. Overall it bears as much relation to its predecessor, edited by Percy Scholes, as does the new twenty-volume *Grove's*. Dr Shaw has given review copies of several facsimile volumes in the series *Classic Texts in Music Education* (ed. Bernarr Rainbow) and we have been able to replace Maconie's book on Stockhausen. Finally, Alan Rump's thoroughly researched study *How we treat our composers* offers salutary reading. A typescript publication, it was commissioned by the DES in 1979 and is now made available through the Arts Council.

#### MUSIC

The last three volumes in the *Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Österreich* series (vols. 134-136) have come up with some diverse material. The first volume of Salomon Sulzer's influential collection of Jewish hymns (*Schir Zion*, 1838) contains the earliest printed version of Schubert's setting to Hebrew words of the 92nd Psalm for four-part choir. William Young's Sonatas and dances for violins, viol da gamba and continuo (1653) can occur in an Austrian anthology, for they were written at the ecclesiastical court at Innsbruck where he was in service before his return to England at the Restoration. It is, incidentally, the first recorded use of the term 'sonata' by an English composer, and with the modernity of a true violin idiom the collection represents an early neglected landmark. The last item is a reprint of Diabelli's set of variations, minus the freely available Beethoven contribution.

Of sets given over to individual composers, the piano works of Liszt (15 volumes to date) in Bärenreiter's new edition are now almost complete, though publication of the choral and orchestral music have yet to appear. The *New Byrd Edition*, under the general control of Philip Brett, is now gradually replacing the outdated series by Fellowes, and comes complete with scholarly introductions. Last term the library obtained the anthems, the English services including the Great Service, the masses and the *Cantiones Sacrae* of 1591. The monumental Verdi edition has started handsomely with *Rigoletto* with a separate volume of notes, and we look forward to others appearing in this combined venture from the University of Chicago and Ricordi.

#### JOURNALS

Journal articles are a good indication of contemporary research, and without doubt the figure at last attracting increased attention is Brahms, the McCorkles' 1976 article for too long having exercised a brake. With symposiums given over to him, an eagerly awaited thematic catalogue imminent, work on a scholarly collected edition under an international team in the planning stages, and an important set of essays (the first major English contribution for some time) under the editorship of Robert Pascall published by Cambridge University last year, this composer is now coming out of the scholastic cold. Imogen Fellingner's excellent guide on Brahms research to date (*Acta Musicologica* 55) is required reading even to those



with limited German, while an inventory of Brahms' estate (*Notes* 40/2), a general survey of bibliographies on the composer (*Fontes* 30/4) and his Lieder inventory of 1859-60 (*Fontes* 30/4) discuss more specific topics. This year may even see the publication of the conference proceedings which stimulated so many at Goldsmiths' College last year and to whose exhibition the Reference Library contributed so many first editions.

#### ANTIQUARIAN MUSIC AND MANUSCRIPTS

This year we have made a start on the conserving of the antiquarian material which forms the basis of the library's fame, at least to the outside world. Much elementary work can be done *in situ* by the staff, but anything more than cleaning and wrapping requires costly treatment by the professionals in a fully equipped laboratory. This makes for a long-term project, but even now we are seeing results. Instead of a book which is falling apart from lack of sewing, a leather binding with non-existent spine that crumbles to dust when handled and paper too fragile to touch, the volume can be made clean, strong and elegant with all acidic impurities removed and with its original character retained. The cause of this decay is twofold: centuries of careless use and unsuitable storage particularly where impure materials have been used, and the often primitive and damaging 'restoration' work carried out last century. It was the 1966 floods in Florence and the consequent problems of how to preserve and restore vast amounts of priceless damaged material which concentrated the minds of experts, and this library — and all those with similar material — is now able to benefit from the results of this experience. Amongst those recently treated are Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* of 1605 (the only known listed copy in the world), a particularly attractive table book titled *Teares of a Sorrowful Soule* by William Leighton printed in 1614, and a manuscript of unique 17th century English theatre music.

#### BINDING

Finally, the extensive binding of books, mainly those destined for the open shelves in the new library, has gone on apace to give clean and workable texts. In particular, collected editions and individual modern volumes with important introductions to scarce and little known music have been given new life. Berlioz, Hugo Wolf, Buxtehude, Schumann and some national collections will soon be available on open access. Other series have been repaired, and the best examples here are the Palestrina which before was tied up with a combination of canvas, sticky tape and string, Beethoven and Gluck editions.

CHRISTOPHER BORNET



## OBITUARIES

### RONALD ANDERSON

Mr Ronald Kinloch Anderson, who died on January 22, was a pianist and piano teacher who also made a considerable contribution to musicianship through his work with recording artists at EMI Records.

Born in Edinburgh in 1911 he studied with Donald Tovey at Edinburgh University. In 1927, he went to Germany to pursue his studies with Edwin Fischer. He also studied harpsichord with Wanda Landowska at her school in Fontainebleau. [He was at the RCM from 1931 to 1934.]

At the outbreak of the Second World War, he interrupted his career as pianist with the newly-formed Robert Masters Piano Quartet, (Nannie Jamieson, viola, Muriel Taylor, 'cello, and Robert Masters, violin), which was sponsored by Dartington Hall, to serve in the Intelligence Section of the RAF, where his perfect command of the German language was invaluable.

After the war, he toured extensively with the Robert Masters Quartet — Australia, the United States, in all three world tours. They made recordings of the two Fauré quartets, as well as the first recording of Walton's Piano Quartet. He then collaborated with Yehudi Menuhin in the formation of the Bath Festival Orchestra (now the Menuhin Festival Orchestra), in which he played the harpsichord.

During the 1960s he became Artistic Director at EMI Records and collaborated with such distinguished artists as Svetlanov, Rostropovitch, Barbirolli, Richter, Victoria de los Angeles, Montserrat Caballé and Janet Baker who were wont to speak warmly of his sensitive musicianship and his ability to bridge successfully the gap between live public performance and studio recording.

At EMI, he was responsible for many highly acclaimed opera recordings, including *Madam Butterfly* and *Otello* with Barbirolli, *Die Meistersinger* with Karajan and the first complete recording of Rossini's *William Tell*.

Throughout his long and fruitful career, he was much in demand as a teacher of piano, both privately and in some of the country's leading institutions. He made notable contributions to *Grove's Dictionary of Music* as well as giving frequent talks on the BBC and at the Institute of Recorded Sound and other specialist establishments.

*Reprinted from The Times of 4 February 1984 by kind permission.*

### JAMES ARCHIBALD

James Archibald died last summer, but still, as another summer is toward, it seems difficult to grasp that he is no longer with us, and that there is not another musical film being dreamed up in his inventive brain. For the Royal College of Music the loss must be particular, almost personal. The two films James Archibald made for the College almost exactly span the last and most creative period of his life. The period when he produced, wrote, or directed his own documentary films. 'Documentary' doesn't do justice to him, a document sounds so dry, so official. But whatever you call



James' work on film, it represented everything in life he regarded as special and remarkable and worth the celebrating. It started just before *Overture and Beginners* (1964) and ended, tragically early, with the film\* he made in the RCM's Centenary year. So many at the College, staff and students, will remember one or both of the films, will recall the immense enthusiasm which James brought to their shooting, and will mourn for him.

These films may have spanned the last period of James' life, but they do not, of course, represent even a small proportion of his whole output. Or influence, indeed.

James Archibald had an enormous influence upon the film-making and upon the television advertising of his day. He was, for a time, Head of Production at Pinewood Studios. This was at a time when moguls were expected to behave like Moguls, and studios were Studios. James confounded the expectations of a whole industry, and unsettled most of his rival moguls, by decorating his office with original Piranesi engravings and wearing plus-fours. Neither of these moves was regarded as remotely within the rules, in those days. But his insistence on standards of taste, discrimination, comparison, scholarship, etc. in an industry which regularly pretended not to have heard of such words — that had a bigger influence on the emergent film industry of the '50s and '60s in Great Britain than historians care to acknowledge.

And in advertising too he had a significant influence. As the man who formed the film-making policy of so many major clients of J. Walter Thompson, he caused, almost single-handed, a revolution in TV commercials. Today's regular employment of major creative talents on even the most ephemeral advertising campaigns owes much to James Archibald. It was he, as much as anyone, who fought the philistinism of the big advertisers, and the snobbery of the big filmmakers. James realised long before most others, that the advertisers' product needed the cachet of brilliant, and often witty, film-making, and that the great film-makers of the world could only benefit from the disciplines of delivering well-defined messages within 30 or 60 seconds. Obvious today, pioneering then.

Add to all that, a distinguished war record and countless duties of public service — everything from Commissioner of Income Tax to Chairman of the National Music Council of Great Britain, and one begins to have some idea of the sheer breadth and variety of James Archibald's life.

I was fortunate enough to be chosen to direct and partly to write *Overture and Beginners*, and there must be many people at the College, and many ex-students now part of the mainstream of musical life, who will remember the excitements and mild upheavals which it caused. I remember most vividly Sir Adrian Boult conducting the massed forces of the College in Vaughan Williams' *Sea Symphony*, Roger Smalley performing inscrutably some of the more bizarre inventions of John Cage, and a long tracking shot past the rehearsal room doors full of the sweet sounds of oboe, guitar, clarinet, drums, trumpet, and Welsh folk song. I also remember a great deal of heart-searching about the nature of the film (designed as a weapon in a fund-raising campaign for new rehearsal-rooms). How technical should it be, how emotional, how varied, how hard or soft selling?

\* to be televised on Channel 4 on Sunday 2 September.



In all such discussions and at every stage of the film, James was an inexhaustible well of invention and enthusiasm. Especially enthusiasm. His appetite for the unusual, the distinguished, and the charismatic was limitless. A man of impeccable taste, indeed a connoisseur of wine and silver and furniture, he managed nevertheless to embrace the most avant-garde artistic experiments and never lost his instinct for the popular. In spite of his erudition, he never lectured in his films. Even the most abstruse subjects became entertainments in his hands.

The world has lost a very sensitive and civilised man; music has lost an impassioned advocate; films have lost an expert practitioner, and the Royal College of Music has lost a friend, an admirer and a champion.

MICHAEL BIRKETT

### FREDERICK PAGE

He was born in 1905 in New Zealand at the port of Lyttelton, received his musical education in Christchurch under two leading personalities: Ernest Empson who taught him the piano, and Dr. J. C. Bradshaw (a pupil of Stanford's when in Manchester), head of the university music department, cathedral organist and conductor of most of the local choral societies in Canterbury. Though both men inspired great loyalty amongst their pupils and achieved much, in personality they were poles apart. Empson was quiet and taught largely by suggestion; Bradshaw was renowned for his blunt discipline and wild tempers.

In 1935, with a MusB behind him, a NZ University Scholarship allowed Page to study at the RCM on the recommendation of Percy Buck. For the next two years he apparently took composition with Vaughan Williams, counterpoint with R. O. Morris, orchestration with Gordon Jacob and conducting under Willy Reed. Page admitted he had 'no talent for composition and felt guilty at wasting Vaughan Williams' time'; nevertheless some affinity was struck, for afterwards there was constant contact via Douglas Lilburn, another ex-pupil. From 1946 until his retirement in 1971 he taught at Victoria University in Wellington where for the last five years he held the Chair.

His articles in the *Musical Times* are perhaps the only first-hand knowledge English readers have of the man. They show a sympathetic understanding of local conditions and attitudes with a refreshing ability to see them within a wider context. Above all there is a sense of direction, an encouragement of local music, national in origin, which may take its honest part in the establishment of an indigenous culture.

To those who knew him in New Zealand (however remotely) he was above all else a teacher, whether in the lecture room or through the local papers, and the music department at Victoria, which was his creation from the start, has had a national reputation. His forthcoming posthumous autobiography should be a lively record of a vigorous and inspiring personality. He was through and through a New Zealander, but one who constantly learnt from overseas experience and thereby could enrich the growth of a fledgling national music.

CHRISTOPHER BORNET



## IMOGEN HOLST

Imogen Holst, who died at Aldeburgh on 9 March, was the fifth generation in a family of professional musicians stemming originally from Riga. She was born on 12 April 1907 in Richmond, Surrey, and was the only child of Gustav and Isobel Holst. A remark made about the baby by their domestic help became a family joke: 'She's a pretty l'il thing, pore l'il thing, though she do favour 'er Pa.' There was to be more truth in those last few words than the speaker could possibly have guessed.

The Holsts lived in West London (with a small retreat at Thaxted for weekends and holidays) and in due course Imogen went to St. Paul's Girls' School, where her father was Director of Music. There was never any real doubt as to what her career would be, though typhoid fever in childhood undermined her constitution and put a stop to her ambitions of becoming a ballet dancer. She entered the RCM in September 1926, where her professors included Kathleen Long, piano; Dr. Dyson, composition (she changed after two years to Gordon Jacob, and RVW for 'paperwork'); W. H. Reed, conducting; and — very important to her — Penelope Spencer's ballet class. The movement techniques acquired then were evident in her conducting, and in her later years she often remarked how invaluable the basic ballet exercises were in counteracting immobility enforced by illness or bad weather.

Imogen's career at College was distinguished and characteristic of her. She won several awards for composition, including an open scholarship in 1927 and the Cobbett Prize (for a Phantasy String Quartet) in 1928. Several of her works were performed at College concerts; she played the piano in recitals, conducted the Third Orchestra, and danced in Parry Theatre productions. The Director (Sir Hugh Allen) summed her up in one of his reports: 'A worker who brings good wits and good will to bear upon all she does'. In July 1930 she left the RCM, with an Octavia Scholarship for Composition for study abroad.

She never forgot the experience gained during those next few months of travel and study on the Continent, going to Scandinavia, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Holland before Christmas, and Italy the following spring. Back in London, she began earning her living in all seriousness, composing, arranging, copying, giving concerts, lecturing — a recurrent pattern throughout her life. The post of Musical Director at Citizen House, Bath, occupied the summer of 1931, and the following year she began that work with amateur musicians for which she had so remarkable a gift. The English Folk Song and Dance Society especially suited her, and she was before long one of their members of staff, not only as arranger and conductor of music for big gatherings but also (of course!) as dancer and teacher. Also in 1932 she set a proud record, becoming the first woman to conduct a brass band in public — her own rescored version of her Suite, *The Unfortunate Traveller*, performed in Carlisle Cathedral. (Later, she was to conduct the Royal Marine Band from Plymouth on its annual visits to Dartington, and in 1975 there were two never-to-be-forgotten concerts by the Band of the Royal Military School of Music, one at Kneller Hall and the other, at night, inside the curtain wall of Framlingham Castle. Everyone enjoyed those.)





IMOGEN HOLST



But by 1933 worsening neuritis in her left arm (a tendency inherited from her father) threatened her piano playing, and she had to abandon all ideas of developing a concert career. She did, however, become a visiting piano teacher for a few years at Eothen School, Caterham, and Roedean School, Brighton, and grateful pupils from these years still speak of her teaching.

In May 1934 Gustav Holst died; his daughter's work-pattern continued, but another of her major talents came to light in her splendid biography of him published in 1938. At the outbreak of war in 1939 she served on the Bloomsbury House Refugee Committee (trying to improve the lot of musician refugees from Germany and Austria), but in January of 1940 she was invited to become one of the six original travelling organisers appointed by the Pilgrim Trust, for a scheme which was to become the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (CEMA) which, in turn, later became the Arts Council of Great Britain. Imogen was given the South West of England as her area, herself based at first in Somerset. (No car — she didn't drive — rural trains, rural buses, and all the South West, under blackout conditions . . . ) Heroic work followed for over two years, but by July of 1942 the constant travelling had exhausted her, and when offered the position of Director of Music in the Arts Department of Dartington Hall (now Dartington College) she accepted gratefully.

Those nine years at Dartington were unforgettable to all of us privileged to participate in them. As a teacher Imogen was apparently tireless; constantly encouraging, an opener of windows, but at the same time very demanding — of punctuality, effort, and commonsense — and relentless in her criticism if it was, in an unguarded moment, requested. She certainly inherited her father's ability to teach, to inspire, and to make music enjoyable for everyone — even a bad cornet player with only B flat and D at his disposal. While at Dartington she wrote her second book, *The Music of Gustav Holst* (OUP 1951) and, on a sabbatical from there at the beginning of 1951, she spent several longed-for weeks as a pupil-teacher at Santiniketan (Tagore's university in West Bengal) studying at first hand the Indian music which had already fascinated her.

That summer she left Dartington to pick up her free-lance career, and went on a long Mediterranean study-tour in the spring of 1952. Later in the year, at the invitation of Benjamin Britten (whom she had met at Dartington) she went to Aldeburgh as his amanuensis. He was then working on *Gloriana*, and for the next twelve years her meticulous work and practical musicianship helped both Britten himself, and the growing Aldeburgh Festival. At the suggestion of Peter Pears she formed a small group of singers, young professionals, to be a vehicle for her own particular gifts, as a choir trainer, and a performing unit at the Festival. With this group, the Purcell Singers, she gave many memorable concerts (at Aldeburgh and in London) in the 'fifties and 'sixties, presenting a wide range of music from Pérotin, Josquin, Ockeghem and Dufay to the younger composers of her day. She became an Artistic Director of the Aldeburgh Festival in 1956, retiring from active duties to become Artistic Director Emeritus in 1977.

The last twenty years of her life were almost entirely devoted, once more, to scholarly work on her father's life and music. She researched, documented, edited, and supervised recordings of many hitherto unknown works by



Holst; with Colin Matthews she prepared four volumes of the *Gustav Holst Collected Facsimile Edition* (a pleasure to handle, and fascinating to peruse) and the invaluable and informative *Thematic Catalogue of Gustav Holst's Music*, all published by Faber Music.

Though not many of her own more substantial compositions have been published, there is an impressive list of them, the more successful being for small ensembles of singers or instrumentalists. There are published part-songs and arrangements (mostly for women's voices, that vast field crying out for singable new music); music for recorders, for violin classes, and bamboo pipes; scholarly performing editions (in conjunction with others) of Schütz and Purcell; and books about music and musicians. Her biographies of Bach, Britten, Byrd and Holst in Faber's 'Great Composers' series (intended for young people, but good for all of us) are models of clarity and information, and *Conducting a Choir* and *An ABC of Music*, both OUP, are so sought-after that you must catch the reprints while they are in the shops.

For her services to music Imogen was created a CBE in 1975; she was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Music in 1966 and an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music in 1970. She received Honorary Doctorates from the Universities of Essex, Exeter and Leeds — the D.Litt from Exeter giving the author in her a particular pleasure. Indeed her work never seemed to stop, and neither did her active enquiring mind, for she was always ready to pick the brains of an expert in any subject that interested her — ethnic music, astronomical science (black holes), dyslexia and music, change ringing, the Russian language: a long list. Imogen was in many ways solitary and spartan (a result both of the Morris-inspired Socialism inherited from her parents and the strict economy she had grown used to in her youth) but yet enjoyed the chance of good wine, good food, and good company when they came her way. Those not used to her were apt to underestimate her intellectual and personal powers; who would have thought that so many layers of knitted cardigans and sweaters, protection against the East Anglian winds, masked so adamant a core, devoted solely to the service of music? (They soon found out.) She was an astute business woman, and generous to a fault, often seeking out those to whom an anonymous donation would be a godsend.

Looking back now on her extraordinary achievements, exactly fifty years after her father's death, one can well imagine that Gustav would have been pleased to reverse the usual order of importance in their roles as assigned to the two of them by his daughter. Surely he would have been content and proud to be introduced into the Halls of Fame quite simply as 'the father of Imogen Holst'.

ROSAMUND STRODE

SIR ANTHONY LEWIS

*From the address given at the memorial service on 27 October 1983 at St. Marylebone Parish Church*

We have gathered together this evening to commemorate and give thanks for the life, work and character of an outstanding citizen of the



commonwealth of music: Sir Anthony Lewis, who died four and a half months ago. He achieved distinction, and usually the highest, in no fewer than seven different spheres of musical activity. In his employments he was, successively, an executive of the British Broadcasting Corporation, a university professor, and principal of our senior musical academy. In his earlier years he earned respect as a forceful and energetic composer, though he ceased to publish around 1960. All his life long he was a valued musical historian and editor; and, in that best of English traditions, he used his formidable gifts as an executant and conductor in order to breathe new life into the neglected or forgotten masterpieces that he studied as a historian. Finally, he was that rare thing among musicians, a most capable administrator and chairman, who devoted a good deal of his time and talent to voluntary service on many important public bodies.

Anthony Carey Lewis was born in Bermuda on 2 March 1915, the son of Colonel Leonard Carey Lewis, OBE, and Katherine Barbara Lewis. At the age of eight he became a choirboy of St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle, where he sang under Walter Parratt and Edmund Fellowes. He was educated at Wellington College. In 1928, at the age of thirteen, he began to study the pianoforte and composition at the Royal Academy of Music. He was also an excellent oboist and organist, and in 1932 went up to Cambridge University as Organ Scholar of Peterhouse.

At Cambridge he enjoyed a brilliant career. He was probably the most outstanding of Professor E. J. Dent's many gifted pupils, and rapidly acquired a firm grounding in musicology, specialising in the music of the 17th and 18th centuries. He won several scholarships, among them an award enabling him to go to Paris and study composition with Nadia Boulanger.

On graduating as BA and BMus in 1935, he perhaps surprisingly did not stay on at Cambridge to pursue historical research. Instead, he joined the British Broadcasting Corporation, in the first place as a producer of chamber music and recital programmes. But this young man of twenty had quickly discerned how the Corporation's resources might be used not merely to entertain, but also to inform and educate the musical taste of a wide public. His seniors had the sense to give him his head, and the result was a still exemplary series of programmes entitled 'The Foundations of Music', in which he presented a remarkable number of unknown or disregarded masterpieces from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, edited much of the music himself and conducted some of it, turning away from the established Romantic manner, and combining the fruits of recent musicological research with his own innate musicianliness, to achieve performances that were remarkable in their time for their authenticity of scale and articulation and for their combination of rhythmic vigour and expressive delicacy.

War service with the MEF interrupted Lewis' musical career, but not entirely: his composition *City Dances*, first performed in Jerusalem in 1944, reminds us that he played some part in the development of music in the early days of the State of Israel. In 1945 he returned to the BBC to help with the plans for the new Third Programme, which went on the air in the following year. He was placed in charge of its music policy; his unrivalled range of historical expertise, stretching from the earliest times to the most



recent manifestations of contemporary experiment, soon made the music programmes of the new network the envy of other nations, and it was swiftly imitated in Italy and in France. But a broadcast, however good, soon fades, and Lewis must have realised — encouraged no doubt, by the support and friendship of that remarkable patron of early music, Mrs Louise Dyer of *Oiseau Lyre*, that he must give his work more permanent form. He must make recordings, and, even more important, he must see to it that the meticulous editions of early music that he had produced or had commissioned from others should not go back on the shelf after one hearing, to languish in single manuscript copies; they must be published for others to study and above all to use in performance.

For this work he needed a different base. He found it in the University of Birmingham, where in 1947 he became Peyton and Barber Professor of Music at the age of only thirty-two. Within three years he had organised his small but excellent department and its syllabus in the form he wished, and started it on its growth to become one of the largest and finest in the country. In 1950 he felt able to accept an invitation to become Secretary of the Purcell Society, and was eventually elected its Chairman in 1976; he was co-editor for five volumes of Purcell's sacred music, and undertook a major revision of *The Fairy Queen*. It was also around 1950 that he conceived the idea of a monumental series forming a national collection of the finest British music, presented in a format both scholarly and practical. This was to be *Musica Britannica*. The Royal Musical Association helped to find the funds for the initial investment; Lewis became General Editor and Chairman of the Editorial Committee — two posts which he retained until his death — and, with his good friend Thurston Dart as Secretary, the series was soon launched on its successful journey. In the first twenty years, 1951-71, thirty volumes appeared. By the time of his death Lewis had built the number to over fifty (including those now in the press). The series displays a pageant of our musical past from Dunstable to Parry. So well did Lewis build, that with no further injection of funds, the whole collection is kept in print and each item revised as necessary in the light of new research.

Lewis' recording career also expanded greatly over this period. He made the first English recording of Monteverdi's *Vespers* and the first complete recording of a Lully work, the *Miserere*. Under his direction, Purcell's ode *Come, ye sons of Art* and Handel's *Apollo and Daphne* became popular favourites. He conducted the first issues of complete operas by Handel and Rameau, besides a memorable *Semele*, and followed these up with Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, *King Arthur* and *The Fairy Queen*. He was a discerning judge of musicality and vocal beauty, and many highly distinguished artists made their first recorded appearances under his direction.

Perhaps his most influential work, however, was the impressive series of revivals of pre-classical opera that he mounted in Birmingham on the tiny stage of the Barber Institute of Fine Arts and Music. In that perfect chamber-music acoustic he achieved standards of artistic excellence and authenticity of presentation — extending to the staging as well as the music — which could still offer valuable lessons to professional companies in letting long misunderstood operatic conventions speak for themselves. It is



good, though, to leap ahead and record that the English National Opera invited him to join their Board from 1974 to 1978, when they performed his edition (with Sir Charles Mackerras) of Handel's *Semele*.

Hardly less remarkable was what Lewis achieved for amateur musical life in Birmingham. He conducted many Midlands premieres, often of difficult modern works such as Stravinsky's *Persephone* and *The Wedding*, or Bartok's *Cantata Profana*.

It was during this period that much of his work on important national bodies fell, or began. He was President of the Royal Musical Association from 1963 to 1969. He served as Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain's Music Advisory Panel from 1954 to 1965: an unusually long term of office. From 1967 to 1973 he was a member of a similar panel for the British Council. He chaired committees with the same combination of vigour, charm, courtesy, human shrewdness, meticulous preparation and clear discretion that characterised his conducting.

Towards the end of his twenty-one years in Birmingham he was tempted to move to the Chair of Music at Cambridge: but instead, in 1968, he became Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. He was perfectly equipped for that centrally important position. Besides his musical gifts, he brought with him from Birmingham three invaluable acquisitions. The department of Music there had grown unusually large during his latter years, larger than the traditional autocracy of a professorial head could easily control. His first acquisition was to have learned that, having chosen good teachers, he must trust them as the BBC had trusted him, and give each his head. Second, the same phenomenon, together with a spell as Dean of the large Faculty of Arts, had taught him how essential it is, in a big and complex organisation, to keep in touch with all shades of opinion, and if necessary to set up social mechanisms, both formal and informal, through which staff and students can express their thoughts and in their turn come to understand policy more quickly and clearly. Third, and most important of all, he had gained the most perfect instrument for helping him in all this by marrying, in 1959, his devoted and ideal wife, Lesley Lewis.

With her at his side, he humanised and democratised the Academy; he reminded everyone that a college of music is an institution of higher education; that it needs a sense of collegiate living; that its staff should enjoy decent salaries and conditions of employment, so that professors have time not merely to 'profess', or talk, but also to listen and act as tutors and counsellors for their students. This needed money, and he noted other pressing claims besides: money for student hostels, money for new and improved facilities. He sought out shrewd advisers, both on the staff and outside it, met with a generous response for a good cause well presented, and the money was found. I am not sure whether he was prouder of the hostels, or of the Sir Jack Lyons Theatre, which was opened on Wednesday, 26 October, 1977: that had taken him just nine years to achieve.

On the educational side, his planning was equally far-seeing and secure. He broadened his young performers' training in so many ways, not least, of course, by his own example. Repertoire studies took them far beyond the narrowing confines of over-specialised virtuosity. The notion of history



and historical context was used to illuminate problems of performance style. Even the words 'musicology' and 'performance practice' were noised abroad, and early music was performed in an approach to the authentic manner, though Lewis was never a purist, discounted fads and fashions, and did not underestimate the importance of innate musicality and personal conviction. At the other end of the spectrum, contemporary music received careful attention. Art exhibitions appeared and lectures on non-musical aspects of culture. Perhaps the most successful feature of his time at the Academy was the expansion of ensemble teaching, which has caused many good young string quartets to bloom in a land where formerly there were almost none. The whole institution now rests on broader foundations, even if every brick of the upper storeys is not yet in place.

This life of constant and constructive activity was justly rewarded with many honorary degrees and diplomas, with a CBE in 1967 and a knighthood in 1972. But Sir Anthony, behind his imposing personal appearance and grand public manner, remained essentially the same surprisingly shy and modest man that he had always been. Responding in some embarrassment to congratulations on his honours, he wrote: 'I like to think that I share them with all those whom I have worked with'.

For his retirement he had many projects in hand. There would certainly have been more editions of little-known masterpieces, and more fine historical writing to continue the series of a dozen learned articles and the volume of *The New Oxford History of Music* that he edited with his former pupil and colleague, Dr Nigel Fortune. Perhaps he would have taken up composition again. He was chairing the committee organising the Handel conference and the tercentenary festival of the music of Bach, Handel and Alessandro Scarlatti, that are planned for European Music Year in 1985. That would have coincided most fittingly with his own seventieth birthday. He was to have recorded for the BBC another magnificent Handel opera, *Radamisto*, with the now world-famous singer to whom he had entrusted, many years ago, her first major operatic roles, both on stage and in recordings, Dame Janet Baker. Like many artists who had worked with Sir Anthony, she became a firm and devoted friend to him and to Lesley. I name her because she is in Australia and has written to communicate her grief that she and her husband cannot be present this evening; and also because I know she will not mind if I quote some words of tribute from her letter, which sum up so well and so simply what all of us must be feeling: 'his influence on my life as a musician and as a human being of the highest calibre was immense and remained so throughout all the years I knew him'.

Let us give thanks, then, for the life of Sir Anthony Lewis, and also for the loving care and unfailing support that he received in all his endeavours from his dear wife, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy in her bereavement. His sixty-eight years have immeasurably enriched British music, and his gentle humanity and kindly concern for others will have touched each one of us here today, and countless others besides.

BRIAN TROWELL



## FLORENCE McHUGH

Florence McHugh who died on February 20 aged 77, was trained primarily as a singer but she was also, during a too brief London career, an actress as attractive and swiftly intelligent as she was adaptable.

No one could question her adaptability: within a few years she appeared in a ballad-opera; revue; Ibsen; and (with Sybil Thorndike) in *Granite* when she created the part of the 15 year-old girl that was to be one of her favourites.

A Canadian, born at Calgary on October 14 1906, she continued her singing studies, from 1923, at the Royal College of Music in London. There (she became ARCM) she studied also for the stage, with Cairns James, and made a debut in the ballad-opera *Mr Pepys* (Everyman and Royalty) in the spring of 1926.

That summer (Ambassadors) she was the young maidservant with her fragments of song ("Cruel Coppinger" and the rest) in Clemence Dane's *Granite*, the fierce drama of Lundy island in the Regency.

She went on to succeed Kathlyn Hilliar in A. P. Herbert's revue, *Riverside Nights* at the Lyric Hammersmith, and remained for *The Would-be Gentleman*, with Nigel Playfair. She was in *Picnic*, the revue that opened the Arts Theatre (April 1927) and during December (Strand) she played Imogene in Russell Thorndyke's vigorous melodrama *Dr Syn*.

Next October, at the Everyman, she was Hilda in *The Master builder*. There were other parts, — in, for example, *The Intimate Revue* (shortlived at the Duchess, 1930) and *The Oxford Blazers* (Little, 1932), and she broadcast frequently.

She was married to a surgeon, J. E. Piercy.

*Reprinted from the Times of 27 February 1984 by kind permission.*

## JAMES HARVEY PHILLIPS

How easy it is to write that I first met Jim Phillips in 1929, and then to realise, with a bit of a shock, that this means that our friendship lasted a matter of 55 years, and yet even more surprising is the fact that, when the War broke out and we found ourselves in the same RAF unit, we had only known each other a mere 10 years!

I had been at the College three years before Jimmy arrived on the scene, by which time another Jimmy (Whitehead) had established himself also as a future cellist of distinction. He, too, had fair hair and both were to study with that great teacher, 'Jimmy' (Ivor) James. J.W. and I arrived on the same day in September 1926, he aged 14 (which seems surprising!), wearing shorts, straight from Bacup (Yorks.) and at the time, it seems, more intent on becoming a professional cricketer than a musician. And how similar were the two Jimmys' careers — LSO, Glyndebourne, principal cellists in the Jacques/Boyd Neel String Orchestras, RAF Symphony Orchestra, and a great deal of chamber music, so that it was not really surprising that there was often confusion over their names, culminating in the occasion, already related in these columns, when Whitehead and I were listening to a cello



and piano recital 'on the wireless' by Phillips, whom the BBC announcer introduced as 'James Whitehead' and *his* now well known retort — 'Eh, what a pal!'

It was, I think, my own father who persuaded J. Phillips to use his middle name professionally, since it was not only an excellent one but something of which to be proud. It is not everyone who can claim to be related to 'Harveys of Bristol'!

Long before I knew Jim Phillips he had come under the influence of that inspiring musician and ex-Royal Collegian, Douglas Fox, who so courageously overcame the loss of one arm in the Great War to become a fine performer on both the piano and organ. This was when Jimmy was at Clifton Prep. School. And it was about this time that another distinguished cellist's path crossed his for the first time, for she, too, came from Clifton and was later to come to the RCM, first as student and later as Professor of Cello, and was to become Mrs. Ivor James; her name, of course, is Helen Just. At the time she was 13 and Jim Phillips was 9 when they were rival competitors in the same Music Festival, in the Open Class in which Helen won the gold medal. Later another great character was to have a strong influence on him when he went on to St. John's, Leatherhead — a Public School which 'caters for' sons of clergymen. This was 'The Doc', an Irishman and Director of Music there — Dr. Reed. He was a friend of Mr Edgar of Swan & Edgar, who had a box at Covent Garden just above the orchestra. Jimmy recalled how his love of Wagner's music was kindled when The Doc took him to a performance of *Götterdämmerung* conducted by Bruno Walter with Frida Leider as Bruennhilde.

But Jimmy's prowess at school really lay as an athlete and it may surprise many people that his greatest success was in the quarter-mile sprint; in fact he won the Victor Ludorum two years running, the second time after travelling to London in the morning and winning the Associated Board gold medal!

As a musician Jim was a person of great sensitivity and integrity. By his example, as an artist, teacher and, more recently, conductor, he set and maintained a standard which, by its very consistency, fitted so well into the optimist phrase — 'the best is good enough'.

Ivor James once said that he never heard him make an unpleasant sound, and anyone who has made music with Jimmy and knew him well would agree that he had no truck with insincerity, slovenly standards or underhand or self-seeking methods of advancement. Nor would he allow himself to be overawed by any Establishment if he felt it went against the grain with him.

On the purely factual side of his career, Jimmy taught at the RCM for a period of 30 years from 1946 until his voluntary retirement in 1976, during which time he became a member of the Board of Professors, conducted the Second Orchestra for 20 years and latterly the First Chamber Orchestra, which made a most successful and enthusiastically reviewed European tour in 1972. On this they visited ten major cities on the Continent 'where Madame Nadia Boulanger gave us a marvellous send-off at the Foundation Singer Polignac in Paris, and later wrote to Sir Keith Falkner



(who travelled with the Orchestra) with much affection and remembering this concert which has enchanted everybody'.

During his four years as a student he studied conducting with Willie (Dr. W. H.) Reed — at that time the leader of the L.S.O. — and Malcolm Sargent. This stood him in good stead, especially when, in 1950, he decided to form his own string orchestra made up, for the greater part, of students or ex-students from the RCM whom he knew, and led by the 23-year-old Hugh Bean whose value to the Orchestra Jim always generously acknowledged. The Harvey Phillips String Orchestra gave many successful concerts, from the Royal Festival and Wigmore Halls to a number of broadcasts, but sadly no recordings. J. H. P. was never a flamboyant conductor, drawing attention to himself. He used the orchestra as a vehicle to produce as nearly as possible a composer's intentions.

His earlier musical ventures embraced a good deal of chamber music and solo playing, having formed a Duo with another distinguished Collegian, Norman Tucker, and he also gave recitals with Gerald Moore which provoked not only musical experiences of a high order but provided Jimmy with joyful memories of working with a man whose sense of humour underlined the many absurdities of life! His chamber music activities were many and varied, and included ten years as a member of the Hirsch String Quartet. And I know that one of his treasured memories was of playing the second cello part in Schubert's great C major quintet at the Edinburgh Festival with the Griller Quartet, and also of visiting J. B. Priestley's home on the Isle of Wight with the Eric Harrison Piano Quartet.

One period of his career I know he did *not* savour was when he played for the Sadler's Wells Orchestra; five hours 'plus' of *The Mastersingers* was rather more than he could take! And he even found himself, during the war, 'posted' to an aerodrome to play in a jazz group, where no music was available, he knew none of the tunes and 'there was not even a music stand to cover my embarrassment!' Memorable moments were provided by his own artistry. In his last term at the College in the Jubilee year (1933), he was invited to play the Elgar Concerto with the New Symphony Orchestra, and for one to whom Elgar meant so much, it is not surprising that this work touched him deeply. I can recall a most sensitive performance which he gave with the RAF Symphony Orchestra at Windsor during the war. And in more recent years, at the annual performances of the *St. Matthew Passion* at the Festival Hall with the Bach Choir and Reginald Jacques, his musicianship was again high-lighted when, on his beautiful 1708 J. B. Rogeri cello, he would be heard once more proving an ever-reliable 'continuo' player and aria soloist. The big obbligato in no. 66 was in his safe hands, though these days this is usually played on the gamba.

In concluding this tribute to a fine musician one must not omit to refer to two facets of his life which not everybody readily associates with him — the many humorous moments and his athletic prowess. Jimmy would be the first to admit that piano playing was not exactly his 'forte' but he had been known to give a very funny rendering of the opening bars of 'the' Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto — wearing fur gloves! One of his early appointments after leaving the Royal College was to teach the cello at a well known Public School in the Midlands where one or two 'second study'





JAMES HARVEY PHILLIPS



piano pupils were 'thrown in' for good measure. He had studiously avoided playing the piano himself until one day, to his horror, a boy who was learning a rather tricky piece by Debussy suddenly turned to him and said: 'Would you play this to me, Sir?' Quick as a shot Jim retorted: 'Who's having this lesson — you or me?'

During the war we sometimes visited a Henekeys pub in Marylebone High Street together, where you could still get a decent glass of sherry. The rather 'blousy' girl behind the bar, whose birthday it always seemed to be, got talking to Jimmy and for some reason mentioned that she was the daughter of the Vicar of North Petherton (Somerset) to which he replied 'I'm the son of the Vicar of South Petherton!' One of those ridiculous coincidences which one wouldn't have believed had he said it first and she could have made it up. She added that she was the black sheep of the family and was he? (His answer was evasive!)

A small string section of the RAF Orchestra had played at Potsdam at the time of 'the Agreement', when Churchill, Truman and Stalin came in to listen to us playing part of the Tchaikovsky Serenade. About the same number of us paid two visits to 'No. 10' in London. On the first occasion the room was rather crowded with distinguished people, including, I remember, Field Marshal Jan Smuts of South Africa, and there was not enough room for three cellists. So Jimmy found himself wandering down the staircase at one point in the evening, only to pass the Prime Minister himself coming slowly up, carrying a large whisky in one hand and a cigar in the other. He greeted Jim with the words 'Thank you for your fine playing'. He hadn't actually played a note!

Jimmy and I had a number of holidays together, which usually included rounds of golf on courses of scenic beauty — where the standard of play was less remarkable than the time taken for a round — at such places as the Gower Peninsular in South Wales (where his uncle ran a hotel), Pitlochry, Perthshire (2/- a day!) and near the Sussex Downs. We played and stayed with two delightful maiden ladies who ran the choral Festival at Tunbridge Wells, started by their mother in 1909, at a lovely old house on the edge of Ashdown Forest, which also became our HQ when we played at the Glyndebourne Festivals.

What better coda for J.H.P. than to quote from his own short autobiography which he wrote in 1980, entitled *Going on Seventy*. In his early student days he managed to go up to College two or three times a week and still be at school, where he continued to enjoy his sport. 'Trying to be in two places at once did not really work out . . . and this was shown in one report from Ivor James: "He seems to keep his brains in his cello bag and forgets to take them out". This shock treatment did a lot of good, and my last report from Jimmy was: "His work has been a fine example for all other students", so it obviously made me see the red light!'

Incidentally there is a photograph in his book over a caption: 'The Author Practising'. It shows him lying full length on the floor in front of the fireplace in the Sussex house already mentioned, with his arm round a dog. Both are fast asleep. He had to apologise to me — not too seriously — for not acknowledging the photographer. I forgave him!



Jimmy's last few years were dogged by ill-health and included two major operations. He died peacefully on January 15th this year and is buried in the churchyard of the church at Ham Common, very near their charming house just by Richmond Park. A number of his old friends attended the funeral service, one coming all the way from Suffolk. His first wife was Pamela Harrison, a composer and pianist who was also at the RCM, and by whom he had two sons. Latterly he married Lindy Milholland, FRCM, who was also an accomplished pianist at the College, and they had two daughters. To all of them we extend deep sympathy which I feel sure not only includes colleagues but very many of his past students who, through Jimmy's guidance, have grown in musical wisdom. I have lost a staunch friend and the College a worthy servant.

RALPH NICHOLSON

### RENATA SCHEFFEL-STEIN

It is thirty years since I came to know Renata. She had been appointed principal harpist of the Philharmonia Orchestra by Walter Legge in succession to John Cockerill, and I was occasionally called in to play second harp under Cantelli, von Karajan, Klemperer and their contemporaries. She played the harp with great authority and fluency, and she was sympathetic to a youthful and somewhat inexperienced colleague.

Her mother played and taught the harp in Russia, yet Renata came to study the harp rather late — not until she was seventeen years of age. She left Russia to study in Paris under Marcel Tournier, and in 1939, while trying to return home to her mother in Riga, Latvia, what with the Germans invading Poland from the west, and the Russians from the east, she found herself stranded in Königsberg (now Kaliningrad), unable to continue further. Resourcefully, she called at the local radio station and asked if they needed the services of a professional harpist; they replied: 'Yes', for their harpist had been called up into the army. Thus she stayed uneasily for a year in the Radio Orchestra of Königsberg, but with a little intrigue and the aid of a sympathetic conductor, Renata moved to the Opera House in Graz in southern Austria. After some harassment from the occupying Russians at the end of the war, she decided to come to England; her first full-time post was with the BBC Theatre Orchestra under Stanford Robinson. From there she moved to the Philharmonia, and some fifteen years later to the London Symphony Orchestra.

During the last ten years she taught the harp at the RAM and at the RCM; she was a conscientious, generous and utterly devoted teacher, and her warmth and radiance, despite many years of ill-health, shone out at all times. She revealed fine taste and intelligent discrimination in her enjoyment of art, music and good food, as well as in her delicate poise and charm. In all her work she displayed a rare thoroughness and a sense of dedication.

OSIAN ELLIS

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## GUSTAV HOLST : MAN AND MUSICIAN

Some years ago I had the privilege of writing about Gustav Holst. I remember saying then that 'perhaps he will lead us into regions where it will be difficult to follow'. He may have now found in new regions that which his music ever seemed to be seeking.

All art is the imperfect human half-realization of that which is spiritually perfect. Holst's music seems especially to be a quest after that which in earthly life we can only partially fulfil.

This does not mean that his music was ever inchoate or groping. He had complete command of method. He was a visionary, but not an idle dreamer. He himself used to say that only second-rate artists were unbusinesslike.

At the same time his music has pre-eminently that quality which for want of a better word we call 'mystical', and this in spite of the fact that it was never vague or meandering: in all his works, whether in life or art he was absolutely clear and definite. Indeed his music is usually robust and never shirks a definite tune when the occasion demands it. In spite of his masterful command of harmonic resource he never lets chordal complications interfere with clear outline and definite expression.

It is perhaps this very clarity which gives the 'mystical' quality to his music. It burns like a clear frame for ever hovering on the 'frontier to eyes invisible'. We all experience at times, most of us momentarily only, a vision beyond earthly sense. With Holst this vision seemed to be perpetually present, placing him outside the makeshifts and half-heartednesses and inconsistencies and compromises and insincerities that go to make up our daily life. Everything untrue or slovenly shrinks in his presence. In his life as in his art he seemed to be standing on the verge of ultimate truth. . . . A pure light always burnt in him, but he never lost sight of human possibilities; his writing is never unpractical, he demands much of his players and singers, from his singers especially, but he knew from long experience what even the most unpromising performers could achieve with enthusiasm, hard work, sure purpose and good guidance.

It was these qualities — intense idealism of conception coupled with complete realism in practice, guided by his strong sense of humanity — which made Holst a great teacher as they made him a great composer. . . .

The gift of inspiration is perhaps not so rare as we think. What is rare is the power of final realization in picture, poem or music of that inspiration. This final realization is essential to a complete work of art. This power Holst possessed to the full. He never falters or gropes. He knows what he wants to say and says it without subterfuge or hesitation. He learnt his craft, not so much from books or in the study as from practical experience and from the nature of his material: not that he neglected book learning, and present-day students might note to their advantage that he spent several months previous to his entry at the College studying nothing but strict counterpoint. It was necessity as well as choice which brought Holst early face to face with the facts of music. Already in his student days he, like many others, had to be earning his living. He chose deliberately not to shut himself up in the organ loft or to give half-hearted pianoforte lessons to





GUSTAV HOLST



unwilling pupils, but to go out into the world armed with his trombone, playing, now in a symphony orchestra, now in a dance band, now in a Christmas pantomime in a suburban theatre . . . .

In later years other activities, teaching and conducting, added to his experience which gave him that grip of the facts of music out of which he built up his wonderful technique. To many men this constant occupation with the practical side of art would have been a hindrance to inspiration, but to Holst it seemed to be an incentive. The fact that his creative work had often to be crowded into the few weeks of summer vacation gave him his great power of concentration and intensified his will to evoke at all costs those thoughts that lay in the depths of his being . . . .

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

## HOLST THE COMPOSER

It has been said, not without some measure of truth, that British composers as a whole lack the power of 'putting their music across'. This is not due to any deficiency of technique (for instance, most British composers are excellent orchestrators), but can be put down to the national characteristics of self-depreciation and horror of display.

Yet the three great composers whose loss we mourn this year, modest though they were, all possessed this power to a marked degree, though the music of Delius depends far more on the co-operation of a sympathetic interpreter than do the more direct, but none the less admirable styles of Elgar and Holst . . . .

Holst, like Elgar, and unlike Delius, was a practical musician from boyhood. He learned much from that fount of wisdom, Sir Charles Stanford, but still more in the hard school of practical experience. This fact, added to native instinct, enabled him to place every note in his scores where it would produce the maximum effect with the minimum effort. He and Elgar are unrivalled as orchestrators among British composers (brilliant scorers though so many of them are), and indeed have few peers in that line in the world. Yet how different were their methods. Elgar delighted in grand ceremonial sounds and in luscious brimming sentiment. His scores abound in opulent sonorities begotten of rich mixtures of instrumental timbres. Holst never used two instruments where one would suffice, and hence his scores glitter with pure colour. Yet, in his cunning, he would sometimes use two instruments where anyone else would only have used one, for example, in the opening theme of the *Hymn of Jesus*, where two trombones in unison play softly, unaccompanied, for greater confidence and smoothness.

Yet wonderful craftsman though he was, all Holst's mature works bear the stamp of the urbane and fastidious artist, to whom a mere display of virtuosity was repugnant. Every new work was to him an adventure and the solution of its particular problems an addition to his experience.

After the resounding success of *The Planets*, he could, if he had chosen, have consolidated that success by means of a facile self-repetition. But he must have realised that in that brilliant work he had sailed near the wind of mere technical display, for he followed it up with works of much less obvious and more subtle appeal. It is only in the ballet music in *The Perfect*



*Fool* and in the Scherzo of the Choral Symphony that he harks back to the style of 'Jupiter'.

Holst's music derives from two amazingly different sources — Eastern mysticism and English folk-song. From the first he got his rhythms and his colours, and from the second his melodic shapes. His mind was not naturally melodic, but harmonic and colouristic, and it needed fertilization from folk-song before it could produce melody. In several of his works, indeed, he did not trouble to invent his melodic material, but was content to use actual folk-melodies. From his non-melodic nature it follows that he was not naturally a contrapuntist, and therefore a potent means of thematic development was long denied him. He realised this as he grew older, and some of his later works are written in fugal and other definitely contrapuntal forms.

In his works of his last period he sought and achieved an austerity and economy of means which could not have been predicted of the composer of *The Planets* and, if the line between austerity and bleakness was sometimes crossed, these works certainly have a dignity and a kind of statuesque beauty which place them on a plane far removed from the too-much-protesting fury of some contemporary music. It is significant that he was much fascinated by the eerie hints and whispers of the music of Anton Webern.

Holst was adventurous to the last. For him there were always 'fresh woods and pastures new'. His last work, [a] set of canons [for female voices], is an experiment in polytonality based on principles of euphony, not cacophony.

No one can predict exactly where posterity will ultimately place Holst's music, but we can be sure that his unswerving devotion to the highest ideals of art combined with his consummate technical skill will earn for him an enduring place in the temple of Music, and that audiences for many years to come will listen rapt to *The Hymn of Jesus*, the *Ode to Death*, *Savitri*, 'Mars', 'Saturn', 'Mercury' and 'Neptune', and many of the beautifully-wrought part-songs.

GORDON JACOB

## HOLST THE TEACHER

Passionate convictions on the part of a creative artist towards his own art often limit the effectiveness of his powers for guiding the young mind to personal expression. This limitation is understandable when one considers what subtle rejections and acceptations are involved in building any work of art which will be truly representative of the mind and spirit of its creator. Our rejections, when used by another, will incline us to condemnation, and the appearance elsewhere of our acceptations will move us to praise. Composer-critics, and some sort of criticism is of course at the base of all teaching, are, like Debussy, notoriously biased in their judgments. (This does not, of course, take away from the entertainment value of their writings.)

Such a bias was, however, singularly lacking in the teaching of Gustav Holst. If in his own music there is implicit a wholesale condemnation of the



Wagnerian stock-in-trade, the dominant seventh and its numerous progeny, yet he would never condemn its use in the work of another, *if that use was justified by the context*. It may be argued that his advocacy of the direct and uncompromising speech of the Tudor and Elizabethan composers led him to look with suspicion upon music that obtained its effect by more devious ways. Yet in nine cases out of ten this suspicion would be justified, and the pupil's work would be decidedly better for the cathartic advice of the teacher.

And how we all joyed in accepting this advice! With what enthusiasm did we pare down our music to the very bone! For it must be remembered that the period of Holst's teaching work at the Royal College of Music coincided with those electrically-exciting after-war years when the god Stravinsky reigned in his heaven and all was right with the musical world. . .

It may be imagined, then, how we welcomed a teacher who often came to lessons weighted, not with the learning of Prout and Stainer, but with a miniature score of *Petrushka*, or the then recently-published Mass in G minor of Vaughan Williams. When this happened we eagerly forgot our own problems in studying the technical and musical delights of mature music. Holst's innate modesty prevented him from using his own music as a text for a sermon on craftsmanship. Since, however, all his publications were impatiently anticipated by his students, and welcomed with delight when they did appear, the absence of any of them at a lesson was far from being a sign of our own ignorance of what they could teach us.

There was no didacticism in Holst's method. Each problem of musical texture, or of form, was solved without recourse to any academic measuring-rod. Moreover, each solution was the individual work of the pupil, for I do not remember that Holst added a single note of his own to any of his pupils' scores. His suggestions were most often directed towards the removal of a fault common to budding composers, an excessive use of notes: but even this enthusiasm for over-loading the score had to be curbed by the pupil himself according to his own convictions and not according to those of the teacher. The advantage of this procedure was that each finished work of the pupil embodied a real experience in composition, and was not a mere patchwork evolved by the master from the pupil's ideas. It was moreover an invaluable experience in craftsmanship, in ease and lucidity of expression. Holst favoured the use of the word 'craftsmanship' rather than 'technique', because for him it assumed a relationship with the formative power of the germ-idea. Technique, on the contrary, was a non-organic functioning of the intellect upon objectively conceived material. Whether this distinction has a meaning for others it is impossible to say, but it is certain that the word 'technique' is often used confusedly by critics as if it were a distant relation instead of the twin-soul of an idea.

Holst never insisted that the pupil should bring fresh work at each lesson. He realised the irregular recurrence of those seemingly barren periods in any creator's life, and the pupil were therefore freed from the strain and anxiety of forcing out unfelt ideas. If no original work was forthcoming, then the lesson could be spent in any number of delightful and profitable ways, for Holst was never at a loss to show how surprise and delight could be mingled in a lesson. There might be a score to read through, either a Beethoven Symphony (how he enjoyed uttering his unorthodox opinions



about the scoring of Beethoven!), a Brahms orchestral work (he used to say that the scorings of the Brahms-Haydn Variations were perfect in aptness), or a modern work. He might on the other hand arrange for a performance of one of the pupil's works, and this he would set about doing with as much genuine enthusiasm as if the work were his own. Holst had the rare gift of identifying himself completely with another's work: his insight was at times almost clairvoyant. His interest in his pupils' work would not cease when the lesson was over: he has been known to brood over a pupil's difficulties to the extent of initiating a correspondence upon the matter.

If the pupil were a pianist, Holst would frequently ask to hear new works. His fine-edged critical faculty would not often allow him to bestow undeserved praise upon them, but one always felt his keen interest.

His period of teaching at the Royal College, all too short as it was, exercised a remarkable influence. His own vision was so wide-eyed, and his own sincerity so unequivocal, that to have been in contact with him was an experience one would not willingly have missed, and it is a tribute to his teaching to say that none of his composition pupils have turned out works that might have been 'chips from the master's work-shop'. He had the faculty of helping a pupil to find himself: this he did, not by the more usual but less fruitful relationship of master and pupil, but by a real companionship of intellect and of ideas. . . .

EDMUND RUBBRA

### FROM A DESTROYED AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Part III)

Not everyone at the RCM was of the opinion that I was an idle good-for-nothing girl. Apart from Fanny, always of course my warmest defender, there were a few others who were of a completely different opinion. To Sir Frederick Bridge, who was Professor of Counterpoint and for over forty years Organist of Westminster Abbey, I was a ray of sunshine, or so he used to tell me, sent to brighten his dull teaching hours. As soon as I came in the door, he said, he felt better. There was no need for me to try my blarney on him. We were the best of friends. I can never remember him saying one hard word to me, and on the only occasion that he was angry, it was entirely my own fault. Every week when I went to him for my counterpoint lesson he would seize my hands, and if they weren't as warm as he thought they should be, say 'Cold hands, warm heart' and rub them till they got warm. Then we would start the lesson. He was always satisfied with my work, although he used to complain that the fugues I wrote for him were too austere. 'You should be more playful', he would say, and sitting down at the piano show me how much better the fugue would sound if it had a little more fun in it. 'You see?' he would say, 'Play with it! Dally with the countersubject! The trouble with you is that you haven't learned to dally.' Finishing with the Art of Fugue as quickly as possible, the rest of the time was devoted to friendly chat in which we gave one another a complete (or allegedly complete) account of what had happened to us since the preceding lesson. Poor Sir Frederick seemed to spend his days teaching,



playing the organ, conducting choral societies, examining and adjudicating, and his nights making after dinner speeches at City banquets. And I would hear all about it afterwards, with details.

For the enlightenment of the uninitiated and in order to avoid misunderstanding, I must explain what is meant by the verb "to adjudicate", always used in connection with musical competitions. Musical festivals and contests held therein are not judged by judges — they are adjudicated by adjudicators. Only entries at Dairy Shows and Agricultural Exhibitions are judged by judges. If, therefore, you were to speak of an adjudicator judging a musical competition, it would imply that he was a judge adjudicating the merits of a collection of prize bulls and cows in a mooing contest. A large part of Sir Frederick's time was taken up by these harmless events in places scattered far and wide throughout the kingdom, wherever the inhabitants considered themselves musical enough to organise their talent and produce a Festival. On one occasion he went to Brighton for such a purpose. Sir Frederick had a very quick staccato manner of speaking, not unlike Mr. Jingle, if I may say so without disrespect, and I will let him tell the story in his own words.

'Went down to Brighton. Adjudicating. Musical Festival. Young people. Ugly girls. Ugly boys. All singing. All playing the fiddle. Awful. Went for a walk. All alone. Little wife up North. Know Brighton? Lovely place, Brighton. Walked along the front. Lovely place, the front. Lots of people. Donkey rides. Children pulled by goats. Stalls. Cockles. Whelks. Thought of you. Pity that child isn't here. Went on Pier. Lovely place, the Pier. Nice and blowy. Automatic machines. Can't put pennies in. Sir Frederick Bridge. Thought of you again. Pity she isn't here. Put pennies in slots. Make everything go. See how they work. Watch man shot off end of pier out of gun. Serve him right.'

The only occasion on which I made him really cross was caused by my own fault. I asked for it and I got it, although of course I was soon forgiven. There was a story current in the College that Eugène Goossens, who had left a few years previously, had taken Sir Frederick the same fugue every week for a whole term without his noticing it. This feat was greatly admired by all and especially by me. One day, at the beginning of term, hearing this tale recounted for the thousandth time, the thought occurred to me that if this had been done once, could it not be done twice? So home I went, determined to give it a trial, the thought of sparing myself so many weekly hours of drudgery urging me on to deception. As soon as I got home I set to work on my fugue, and as it was to last out a whole term, conscientiously took a great deal of pains with it, incorporating in it imitations of the noblest parts of several fugues from the *Wohltemperiertes Klavier*, all improved on and knitted together by my own ingenuity. I put into it everything I knew, played with it, dallied with the countersubject, brought in the subject in inversion, and put in a large number of semiquavers to make it frolicsome. In the middle the subject entered in the bass in breves, to give the whole a pleasant archaic smell, while overhead, there was a most interesting piece of fugal writing, the subject coming in upside down and rightside up simultaneously. A majestic climax was reached in the stretto, and then, with the subject entering for the last time in the bass, as though for the pedals, the fugue was borne to a triumphant close, *organo pleno*.



Sir Frederick was highly satisfied when he saw this composition. He said I was a good girl and getting on like a house afire. After he had corrected a few mistakes and we had had our weekly chat, I went home and copied out the fugue with his corrections, adding a few fresh mistakes, it having modestly occurred to me that I was not Eugène Goossens, and further, that correcting them would give Sir Frederick something to do. Once again he was delighted with my progress, and once again I copied out my work with new mistakes, taking care to scatter them evenly over the page so that they appeared natural. When I was copying it out for the fourth time I began to find difficulty in inventing new mistakes, so that a slight recast of several passages became necessary, which however, although it gave me more work, was not so much trouble as writing a new fugue on the same high level as that which I had now established for myself. This recast version too, I thought, would be good for at least three weeks, before further alterations became necessary. On the sixth occasion that I took my fugue to him, Sir Frederick looked at it; he looked at it again and said, 'It seems to me I've seen this before'. I hastily explained that the fugue could hardly be considered original, being a composite copy of several of Bach's '48'. 'Oh, it is, is it?' answered Sir Frederick. 'Just play it for me.' I sat down at the piano and played it. Having written it out six times I knew it intimately by now, and played it as though it were an old friend, my fingers running nimbly over the semiquavers, and bringing out all the parts, not at all, in short, as I usually performed my own compositions, haltingly and almost unintelligibly, always accompanying myself with a monologue of expletives and derogatory comment. When I had finished Sir Frederick was pacing up and down the room like Napoleon on deck bound for St. Helena. 'So you thought you could deceive me!' he cried. 'You bad, ungrateful girl. This is the fugue that you brought me last week and the week before, and heaven knows how many times before that.' On he went railing at my ingratitude in an ever increasing crescendo, with me sitting there very much ashamed of myself. All at once a face appeared in the glass panel of the door. The light being very bad I could only see that the face was making grimaces, but not whom it belonged to. This somewhat distracted my attention from the harangue which was then at its height, and when Sir Frederick turned round to walk in the other direction and saw me watching a young man, his fury knew no bounds. 'Stop looking at that boy,' he shouted. 'Look at me. What is he doing there anyhow? I'll teach him to look through my door.' He rushed to the door, but the face had disappeared and there was no sign of it anywhere. 'What do you want to look at these young men for when you've got me to look at? Men! Men, they call themselves. Why, you don't even know what a real man looks like. You should have seen the men of my young days. They were MEN, not a lot of conceited knock-kneed jackanapes like the young men I see you with. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' His fury slowly spent itself, and with many promises that I would never do it again, and never try to deceive my dear old Sir Frederick, I was forgiven. And I kept my word; yet I still think that I learned more about counterpoint from those mistakes, the invention of which forced me to dig right down to the roots, than by any lawful means.

\* \* \*



Before studying with Stanford and Bridge I had been a pupil of Dr Charles Wood. He was a composer the quality of whose work was considered by many to be higher than Stanford's. In general erudition he was his equal, although he was not so ready to impart it to others, and as a theoretician his knowledge was certainly no less than that of Bridge. Yet he always remained in the background, a disappointed man. His compositions, apart from his church music and one or two songs, were never performed. He spent his life teaching at Cambridge and at the College to earn his bread and, what was very bitter to him, his best pupils were taken from him or left him to study with Stanford. Wood was also an Irishman, and considerably younger than Stanford; when I learned from him he must have been about fifty, but he was a sick man, suffering badly from asthma. He was always very kind to me when I went to him for my lesson in 'counterpoint' as he called it, but he was of an extremely quiet and undemonstrative nature and I never realised, until after I left him, that he had any special affection for me as a pupil. Indeed it had seemed to me that he would be glad to get rid of me. He always appeared to be very bored and, when the lesson was approaching its end, would take out a large gold watch and start polishing the glass with his handkerchief.

One morning when I arrived at the College for my weekly lesson with him I was met by Mr. Polkinhorne, the Bursar, a very kind and good man, who told me that Dr Wood had received news early that morning that his son had been killed at the front. Nevertheless he had come down from Cambridge as usual to give his lessons, and I was to go and have mine and not mention the subject to him. I went upstairs and walked into his room. He was sitting there at the table and looked up as I came in without greeting me. I tried to wish him Good Morning but the words wouldn't come out of my mouth. All I could do was to swallow. I sat down and put my work on the table. He took it and looked at it. After a time he muttered some unintelligible words and I mumbled something in reply. Then we sat there, each staring at the table in silence. The grief and pain that was paralysing him paralysed me too. It was so strong that it turned us both into figures of stone. After about half an hour he sat upright and automatically took out his watch and polished it. I got up and we looked at one another, and then I turned and went out, still without saying a word.

The memory of that morning holds for me all the horror of the First World War. And all the frustration of Charles Wood as an artist and as a man comes back to me when I think of it.

\* \* \*

I do not wish to give the impression that I was a little angel in those days. Far from it. I was always up to mischief as far as opportunity allowed in such a respectable place as the College. As an example I may cite the episode of my trick cycling act. It frequently happened that, about the middle of the month, I found myself without a penny, without the bus fare to the College which was, if I remember rightly, one shilling each way. If I was unsuccessful in getting some money out of my father, the only thing left for me to do was to get out my bicycle, blow up the tyres and sally forth on that. I didn't mind cycling there at all, and could do it in quicker time than the bus if I didn't dawdle on the way, stopping to look at everything that



caught my attention. The reason I did not cycle there if I had the bus fare was that the heavy bag of music and books which I had to take with me hurt my arms, which were always very sensitive. I couldn't fasten it on the front or back of the machine because it was the wrong shape and too bulky, and therefore had to carry it under my arm. And the bus was undoubtedly more comfortable in bad weather. Still, so far from complaining about it, I made a virtue of necessity and pretended I liked doing it.

As a matter of fact it was a lovely ride in those days. From Twickenham I went through Richmond, and resisting the temptation to go up the Hill and through the Park and down through Roehampton Lane to Barnes, which took much longer, there being so much to look at on the way, I passed through Sheen and then over Barnes Common to Hammersmith. This was an ugly place, and so in spite of the increased traffic I used to mend my pace till I got past Kensington High Street where with the Park on one side there were always pleasant sights to see. Arriving at Kensington Gore and the Albert Hall I turned to the right past the Royal College of Organists and then, for good measure and to show how much I was enjoying myself, rode right down the long flight of steps leading from the back of the Albert Hall to the College. This feat always caused a sensation, and as soon as I was seen coming along in the distance the word went round and a crowd would assemble on the steps of the College to watch me. Then I would be made to do it again, and putting down my accursed bag, repeat the exploit, now easy because I had my two hands free. It was a lovely sensation. Bump — bump — bump bump, bump bump bump, Bump. Here I came to a level space and went on a bit until the next lot of steps came, down which I bump bump bumped till I reached Prince Consort Road, where I was greeted with cheers.

The entrance hall of the College was smaller then than it is now. As you went in the door there were two steps before you, halfway across it, and above this higher half was a gallery. Supporting the gallery were two Ionic pillars, and between the pillars was a bust of the first Director of the College, Sir George Grove, on a marble pedestal. One day somebody bet me that I couldn't ride my bicycle in and out of the pillars and Sir George Grove without touching them or falling off. Needless to say, I immediately accepted the bet, and shortly after 5 o'clock, when nearly everybody, especially Mrs. Bindon, had gone home, I set out to win it. A small select crowd had waited to see the results and Croucher the door keeper was appointed referee. Very carefully I made my calculations before I started, for besides the two steps running parallel with my course, there were swing doors at each end of it, which being closed, formed a considerable handicap. At last I started, and in spite of having no runway to allow me to get the right speed, described a neat semicircle round the first pillar. Then came the awkward moment, getting round Sir George Grove. Everybody was watching breathlessly. Croucher was leaning forward anxiously, urging me on. 'Go it, Miss, a little more to the right, careful with Sir George, steady on with your front wheel, now, you've nearly done it, round she goes, Gawd, she nearly hit him but not quite, go on, look out now, just a bit more, now round the pillar, Gorblimey — she's done it!' Simultaneously with this triumphant cry, the front door was opened violently and a man rushed in. He was dressed in a beautiful morning coat and striped



trousers and a top hat and was in such a tremendous hurry that he didn't notice the dramatic sporting event being enacted in front of him, and reaching the swing doors at the same instant as myself, ran into me. Afterwards it was alleged that I ran into him, but this is incorrect. My attention was still fixed on my front wheel, and I was unaware of his presence until I saw his faultlessly creased trousers soiled by contact with it. He hastily disappeared through the door and there was a general gasp of horror, especially from Croucher, for my victim was none other than Sir Ernest (after Lord) Palmer. Although I couldn't help laughing, I was rather horrified myself, for he certainly was the last person I should have wished to have a collision with. Besides being the founder of the Patron's Fund and Reading University, and giving thousands of pounds to the RCM, he was unending in his benefactions to Music and Learning; he deserved the gratitude of all young people for his generosity on their behalf, instead of being run into by them on bicycles in the halls of institutions practically kept up by him. I expected serious repercussions from this, but there were none. Sir Ernest's benevolence must have included personal sympathy and understanding for the young, for no serious official comment was made on the subject.

I liked to laugh and to be happy. God knows I didn't always have much cause to laugh or much reason to be happy, but in spite of all circumstances I could make my own happiness. Happiness was all around me. I could find it by the wayside, everywhere and anywhere if only I was left alone and allowed to forget my own ego.

Besides many other factors not contributory to happiness, the first World War was in progress, and not at all to our advantage until the second half in 1918. The number of casualties was appalling, especially among the young second lieutenants and the infantry. Indeed, considering the nature of the trench warfare of those days, it is miraculous that any came out of it alive. In everybody's heart was a constant gnawing anxiety for those dear to them out there, who, even if they were not being killed at that very moment, were going through hell. There was scarcely a family in Twickenham who did not lose a son. When you met a neighbour in the street you took a good look at her face before daring to ask after her son or brother. Then there was the heartache you felt yet could not express when you knew that she had had bad news. One day the postman stopped me and asked, 'Is everything all right, Miss?' I said, 'Yes, thank you' and he went on, 'I was feeling a bit worried like. You haven't had a letter from your brother for over a fortnight.' I said I supposed that for some reason he couldn't write and that a letter would surely come soon. Happily it did, and he came through it all safely. But my brother Paul was never out of my thoughts. The last war, into which the whole civilian population was brought and the issue at stake, life or death, survival or general annihilation for all, was less unbearable in this respect.

I used to follow developments at the front and read the newspapers almost as carefully then, especially during the last two years of the war, as I did during the second war. To me, life itself and the fate of humanity always came before music. Music was a philosophy, and interpretation of a higher form of life; but since a lower one existed and was so much in evidence, it seemed to me that music, and indeed all art, was a superfluity at such a



time, and I sometimes felt ashamed of devoting my whole life to it when I might be doing something more positive and active. I knew by faith that we could not lose the war, and however badly things went at the front I was convinced that we must win it in the end; yet the thought that I was unable to do anything to help win it filled me with great gloom. My natural high spirits would prevail in the end, and seizing any pretext to cheer myself up, I would promptly get into fresh mischief and more trouble.

\* \* \*

To give them experience in orchestration and writing for the various instruments, all Stanford's pupils were obliged to be present at the rehearsals of the College Orchestra, held twice weekly and conducted by him, and were encouraged to learn some instrument so that they could play in it. The orchestra was composed mostly of the more advanced pupils, especially the strings, but the brass, woodwind and kettledrums were played by professionals. As my knowledge of playing the viola was inadequate, and in any case I could never have borne sitting two hours at a stretch with that thing in my hands, I was kindly allowed to help in the 'kitchen', this being the department including all the percussion instruments, triangle, cymbals, celeste, tambourine, tamtam, all those delightful playthings belonging to what is known as the *batterie de cuisine*. After trying me out on several of these it was unanimously decided to put me in charge of the triangle, it being the one that makes the least noise as a rule. My companions in the kitchen were Rupert Erlebach, Leslie Heward and Stanley Wilson, and over us on the timpani presided Mr Turner, the Professor who was supposed to keep an eye on us.

When I look back on my life at the College and think of the young men and women who studied with me I am struck by the thought of what good characters they all had. There was not one boy who had a bad streak in him, except for inordinate self-conceit in one case. Even the singers, many of whom had been Welsh coalminers, were extremely respectable young men. It seems to me, in the light of subsequent experience of life, that it was a most fortunate circumstance that brought so many decent young people under the same roof at the same time as myself. The girls were equally straightforward and honest and loyal companions; some were talented pianists and violinists, and some had beautiful voices. Perhaps I should not judge, since at that time I knew nothing about singing, but I sometimes thought that the teachers of singing were not very successful with their pupils, or else that some of the pupils were unfortunate in their teachers. Girls whose voices had the timbre of the clarinet would be turned into high sopranos and made to sing parts like the *Queen of Night*, while others who naturally carolled like larks would before long be heard booming out Schubert's *Aufenthalt*.

The intelligence and attainments of the young men were far superior to mine, for which reason I regarded them, where these two things were concerned, with awe and envy, trying my best to disguise my weaker powers, and catch up with them. They were full of brain power; I was full of instinct and intuition which I had the sense to mistrust, for, though it rarely led me astray, it would not, I realised, lead me very far of itself. Fanny used to tell me that the chief use of the brain was to act as a brake on



the heart, and I was determined to keep my brakes in good order, and develop them as far as I could. Some of the boys, especially Stanford's pupils, were brilliant, with a high level of general education and intellect apart from their musical ability. Herbert Howells, George Thalben Ball, Rupert Erlebach, Leslie Heward and Hugh Ross were among them: Arthur Bliss, Arthur Benjamin and Ivor Gurney were at the front during the whole war and therefore, though pupils of the College, were rarely or never seen until 1918. They were a formidable collection of fellow pupils where intelligence was concerned. When they had work to do they sat down and did it; they did not sit for hours like me, chewing the end of their pen in agony, wondering what to say and how to say it.

\* \* \*

Life was not always easy for me or for some of my fellow students. Not only did we have to study several subjects very hard, we also had to live. When I first went to the College I received a grant of £15 a year with my scholarship, which was increased to £40 a year later when I lived during the term in town, to be nearer the scene of action. Life at home was much the same as ever, but two hours' journey there and back was too much wasted time. For a few weeks I lived with my sister Linnie, but living quite alone and completely undisturbed was much better. Those were hard times for everybody, most of all for those boys at the front who had had to sacrifice their studies and often their lives. While looking for a suitable room I saw one which was exactly what I should have liked. The landlady told me it belonged to a boy who was in France, and she had promised him that it should remain exactly as it was, to be ready for him when he came back. The boy I knew by name though not personally; he had gone early to the Army from the College. I looked at the room; waiting there you could somehow feel that it was waiting and that the boy's spirit, or some of it, was still there. On the rare occasions that I visit the College I stand before the Roll of Honour and think of those boys of my generation whose names are inscribed thereon. And I think of this young man, unknown to me, and I seem to see that room, still waiting.

MARGARET NOSEK

(*To be continued*)

### Spring Term 1984 Programmes

**January 12**

#### CHAMBER CONCERT

DEREK BOURGEOIS Brass Quintet, and HOWARD CABLE A Newfoundland Sketch; Jonathan Holland and Martin Earle *trumpets*, Mark Johnson *horn*, Stephen Bainbridge *trombone*, Ian Holmes *tuba*. SCHUMANN Sonata in G minor; Jennifer Clarkson *piano*. BRAHMS Sonata in D minor; Raissa Ribeiro *violin*, Christopher Ross *piano*. MARCEL DUPRE Passion Symphony, first movement; Martin Gallery *organ*.

**January 16**

#### INFORMAL CONCERT

MOZART Sonata in F, K.533 and 494; Margaret Ozanne *piano*. FAURE Four Songs; Sian C. Allen *soprano*, Alvin Moisey *piano*. BLOCH In the Mountains; The Auriol Quartet: Stephen Bryant and Nicholas Whiting *violins*, Brian Schiele *viola*, James Halsey *cello*. RACHMANINOV Three Etudes Tableaux, and DEBUSSY Etude 'Pour les accords'; Paul Ford *piano*.



**January 19 STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION LUNCHTIME CONCERT**

MILHAUD *La Cheminée Du Roi René* and POULENC Sextet for Piano and Wind; Elizabeth May *flute*, Ian Hardwick *oboe*, Nicholas Carpenter *clarinet*, John Potts *bassoon*, David McClenaghan *horn*, Kathryn James *piano*.

**January 19 CHAMBER CONCERT**

BEETHOVEN Sonata in G minor; Margaret Reid *cello*, Doreen Yeoh *piano*. DEBUSSY *Première Rhapsodie*; Esther Georgie *clarinet*, Helen Choi *piano*. Six Songs by FAURE; MASSENET, OFFENBACH, ELGAR, GERSHWIN and DRING; Jane Cammack *mezzo-soprano*, Alexander Collinson *piano*. JANACEK Sonata; Petra Dargan *violin*, David Gowland *piano*.

**January 20 STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION CONCERT**

BACH Concerto for two violins; Mark Denman and Stephen Bryant *violins*, Laurie Stras *harpsichord*, Michael Jones *cello*. DELIUS arr. FENBY Two Aquarelles. HINDEMITH *Trauermusik*; James Brown *viola*, Grant Llewellyn *conductor*. STRAVINSKY Symphony of Wind Instruments; WEILL Little 'Threepenny Opera Music' Suite; Robin Fountain *conductor*.

**January 23 INFORMAL CONCERT**

SCARLATTI Sonatas in F minor, L187 and A major, L345; Elizabeth Hayes *piano*. FAURE Three Songs; Lorna Anderson *soprano*, Mark Dorrell *piano*. JOHN IRELAND Fantasy-Sonata; Damaris Wollen *clarinet*, Alexander Bibby *piano*. SCRIABIN Four Preludes; Bernadette Yeoh *piano*. STOCKHAUSEN Klavierstuecke nos. 1 to 4; Joanna Lee *piano*.

**January 24 COMPOSERS' GROUP CONCERT**

GLENN HALTON Cello Concerto (first movement); Michael Allis *cello*, Glenn Halton *piano*. PETER MUIR Fantasy for piano; YONTY SOLOMON *piano*. TIM STEVENSON Nocturne; Rebecca Hirsch *violin*, Caroline Dearnley *cello*. JAVIER ALVAREZ Temazcal for tape and amplified maracas; Luis Toro *maracas*.

**January 24 THE RCM SINFONIA**

*conductor* CHRISTOPHER ADEY

SMETANA *Sarka*; FRANK MARTIN *Ballade*; Martin Robertson *saxophone*. RAVEL *Shéhérazade*; Sandra Porter *mezzo-soprano*. DUKAS *La Péri*.

**January 26 CHAMBER CONCERT**

MOZART String Quartet K465; Maeve Jenkinson and Kirsten Hellier *violins*, Peter Whiskin *viola*, Peter Madan *cello*. ELGAR Sonata; Tze Law Chan *violin*, Mark Bebbington *piano*. STRAVINSKY *Trois mouvements de Pétrouchka*; Alvin Moisey *piano*.

**January 30 INFORMAL CONCERT**

MOZART Oboe Quartet; Philip Gittings *oboe*, Robert Bishop *violin*, Christine Makin *viola*, Michael Allis *cello*. MOERAN Seven Poems of James Joyce; Norma Ritchie *mezzo-soprano*, Katherine Durran *piano*. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS Suite in D for Recorders; Joanne Clements, Margaret Barrow, Blaise Hall and Adam Dopadlik *recorders*. CHOPIN *Ballade* no. 1; Isabel Nyman *piano*.

**February 2**

**BIRTHDAY CONCERT for PETER MORRISON, OBE, FRCM**  
(*Vice-President, Council Member and former Scholar*)

CHOPIN *Polonaise* in C sharp minor and *Etudes* in A flat and G flat. SCHUBERT *Impromptu* in A flat. KREISLER/RACHMANINOV *Liebesleid*; James Lisney *piano*.

**February 2 THE RCM SINFONIETTA**  
*conductor* JOHN FORSTER

BEETHOVEN Overture: King Stephen; Daniel Meyer *conductor*. BACH Brandenburg Concerto no. 2; Mark Bennett *trumpet*, Ian Hardwick *oboe*, Elizabeth May *flute*, directed by Gonzalo Acosta *violin*. MOZART Piano Concerto no.27; Kuo-Lan Szu *piano*. MENDELSSOHN Symphony no.3.



February 3

**STRING ENSEMBLE PROGRAMME**

*directed by* RODNEY FRIEND

SCHUBERT German Dances. TCHAIKOVSKY Elégie no. 2. GRIEG Aus Holbergs Zeit, BRITTEN 'Les Illuminations'; Anthony Rolfe Johnson *tenor*.

February 6

**INFORMAL CONCERT**

TELEMANN Sonata in A minor; Elizabeth May *flute*, Rachel Ingleton *oboe*, Lynda Mayle *harpsichord*. SCHUMANN Märchenbilder; Pamela Creswell *viola*, Michelle Sanders *piano*. HINDEMITH Sonata; Joanna Lee *flute*, Rolf Hind *piano*.

February 7

**AURIOL QUARTET CONCERT**

SCHUBERT Quartetsatz; RAVEL String Quartet. Stephen Bryant and Nicholas Whiting *violins*, Brian Schiele *viola*, James Halsey *cello*.

February 7

**THE RCM SINFONIA**

*conductor* SIR CHARLES GROVES

DEBUSSY Printemps. GOUNOD Chanson du Roi de Thulé and Recitative and Air des Bijoux from 'Faust'; Christine Beaumont *soprano*. RAVEL Concerto for the left hand; Vivienne Sage *piano*.

February 8

**EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC GROUP CONCERT**

*directed by* JOHN LAMBERT

Homage to Steve Reich; *full ensemble*. Melody; Noel Bertram *trombone*, Christopher Ross *piano*. Solo; Javier Alvarez *clarinet and pedal timpani*. A sense of scale; *full ensemble*. Duc; Jeen Yeoh *piano*, Angus MacIlwraith *recorder and viola*. The black dog in possession of the last false smile; Luis Toro and Javier Alvarez. A water canon; *full ensemble*: Javier Alvarez, Noel Bertram, John Lambert, Angus MacIlwraith, Elizabeth Price, Graham Read, Christopher Ross, Luis Toro and Jeen Yeoh.

February 9

**STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION LUNCHTIME CONCERT**

MOZART Symphony no.41; The Vanbrugh Orchestra, *conductor* Christopher Gayford.

February 9

**STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION CHAMBER CONCERT**

FRANCK Sonata; Rebecca Hirsch *violin*, Mary Wu *piano*. BEETHOVEN Serenade; Elizabeth May *flute*, Mark Denman *violin*, James Brown *viola*. BACH Brandenburg Concerto no.6; Peter Collyer and Katie Wilkinson *violas*, Robert Irvine, Steven Milne and Catherine Smith *cellos*, Clare Morroney *bass*, Lynda Mayle *harpsichord*.

February 14

**RECITAL**

MOZART Quartet K575 and BERG Quartet op.3; Chilingirian String Quartet; Levon Chilingirian, Mark Butler, Csaba Erdelyi, Philip de Groote.

February 15

**THE RCM SINFONIETTA**

SCHUBERT Overture: Rosamunde; *conducted by* Martin Lawes; Ballet Music no. 2; *conducted by* Mark Bebbington; Entr'acte in B flat; *conducted by* Robin Leighton-Boyce. SIBELIUS Finlandia; *conducted by* Tze Law Chan. ELGAR The Wand of Youth, Suite no.2; six movements *conducted by* Steven Kingham, Daniel Meyer, David Bray, Daniel Friedman. WEBER Overture: Oberon; *conducted by* Peter Dala.

February 16 and 17

**OPERA INFORMALS**

MOZART Die Zauberfloete (excerpts in German); John McHugh/Charles Daniels *Tamino*, John Sear/Martin Oxenham *Papageno*, Fiona Rose, Erin O'Hanlon, Vickie Jaffee/Alison Charlton-West, Ann Liebeck, Jane Cammack *Three Ladies*, Wills Morgan *Monostatos*, Eleanor Forbes/Christine Beaumont *Pamina*, Alison Charlton-West/Susan Burgess *Queen of the Night*, Sebastian Swane/Noel Mann *Sarastro*, Shelagh Stuchbery/Eleanor Forbes *Papagena*, Susan Burgess, Ann Liebeck, Jane Cammack/Erin O'Hanlon, Fiona Rose, Vickie Jaffe *Three Genii*, Charles Kilpatrick *piano*, Mary Hill *conductor*, Basil Coleman *director*. MOZART Don Giovanni (Act I Scene 2, in Italian); Vitus Chan/John Sear *Don Giovanni*, Noel Mann/Sebastian Swane *Leporello*, Christine Beaumont/Alison Charlton-West *Donna*



*Elvira*, David Tod Boyd *piano*, Charles Kilpatrick *conductor*, Andrew Page *director*. MOZART *La Finta Giardiniera* (Act I Scene I, in English); Susan Burgess/Erin O'Hanlon *Sandrina*, Fiona Rose/Ann Liebeck *Serpetta*, Sandra Porter/Shelagh Stuchbery *Ramiro*, John McHugh/Charles Daniels *Podesta*, Martin Oxenham/Vitus Chan *Nardo*, Stewart Nash *piano*, Mark Dorrell *conductor*, Bryan Drake *director*.

**February 23**

**CHAMBER CONCERT**

BRAHMS *Sonata in E flat*; James Brown *viola*, Nicholas Capaldi *piano*. MOZART *Quintet in E flat, K452*; Hilary Storer *oboe*, Damaris Wollen *clarinet*, John Potts *bassoon*, William Brewer *horn*, Peter Dala *piano*. BEETHOVEN *Piano Trio in C minor*; Christopher White *violin*, Linda Stocks *cello*, Francesca Lubenko *piano*.

**February 24 STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ORCHESTRAL CONCERT**

MAHLER *Blumine*; *conductor* Robin Fountain. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS *Five Mystical Songs*; *soloist* James Hutton, *conductor* William Moss. SIBELIUS *Symphony no.1*; *conductor* Stuart Miles.

**February 28 STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION LUNCHTIME CONCERT**

STRAUSS *Oboe Concerto*; *soloist* Ian Hardwick. IBERT *Divertissement*. Stephen Bell *conductor*.

**February 28**

**THE RCM SINFONIA**

*conductor* CHRISTOPHER ADEY

DEBUSSY *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*; *conductor* Grant Llewellyn. SIBELIUS *Violin Concerto*; Philippa Ibbotson *soloist*. SHOSTAKOVICH *Symphony no. 10*.

**March 1**

**THE RCM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

*conductors* CHRISTOPHER ADEY, EDWIN ROXBURGH, TIMOTHY SALTER, LAWRENCE CASSERLEY.

GYOERGY LIGETI *Apparitions*. EUGENE KURTZ *Mécanique*: KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN *Carré for four orchestras and choruses*.

**March 5**

**INFORMAL CONCERT**

BACH-BUSONI *Toccata in C*; Jon Williams *piano*. MOZART *Four Songs*; Maria Beechey *soprano*, Margaret Ozanne *piano*. ARTHUR BENJAMIN *Le Tombeau de Ravel (Valse-Caprices)*; Nicholas Carpenter *clarinet*, Katherine James *piano*. KODALY *Sonata, op.4*; Robert Irvine *cello*, Elizabeth Hayes *piano*.

**March 6**

**GUITAR CONCERT**

SOR *Three Studies*; Steven Russell. PONCE *Sonata III*; Nicola Culf. BRITTEN *Nocturnal*; Carla Zapalla. SANZ *Pavan*, SCARLATTI *Sonata* and SOR *Andantino*; David Caswell. WALTON *Five Bagatelles*; Richard Durrant. BACH *Chaconne*; Jesus Alvarez. RODRIGO *Tonadilla for two guitars*; Jesus Alvarez and Richard Durrant.

**March 7**

**THE RCM SINFONIETTA**

*conductor* JOHN FORSTER

SMETANA *Overture: The Bartered Bride*; SCHUMANN *Symphony no.4*. DVORAK *Cello Concerto*; Caroline Dearnley *soloist*.

**March 8**

**STRING ENSEMBLE**

*directed by* RODNEY FRIEND

ELGAR *Introduction and Allegro for strings*. DVORAK *Notturmo in B*. STRAVINSKY *Concerto in D for string orchestra*. GIULIANI *Guitar Concerto in A*; John Williams *soloist*.

**March 9**

**RCM CHAMBER CHOIR and ORCHESTRA**

HANDEL *Dixit Dominus*; Lorna Anderson and Lorraine Rogers *sopranos*. Denis Lakey *counter-tenor*, Roland Vernon *tenor*, Graham Broadbent *bass*, Neil Johnstone *continuo cello*, Sir David Willcocks *harpsichord*, Neil Kelley *organ*. ROBIN HOLLOWAY *Sea Surface Full of Clouds*; Anne Liebeck *soprano*, Sarah Connolly *contralto*, Denis Lakey *counter-tenor*, Charles Daniels *tenor*, Grant Llewellyn *conductor*.



**March 12**

**INFORMAL CONCERT**

TELEMANN Fantasia in G; Rebekka Grundmann *viola*. MOZART Sonata in F, K497, for piano duet; Sophie Yates and Nicholas Capaldi *pianos*. BRAHMS Zwei Gesaenge; Eileen Randell *mezzo-soprano*, Laura Newton *viola*, Bernadette Yeoh *piano*. ELGAR Three Songs; Stephanie Allman *mezzo-soprano*, Antonia Ogonovsky *piano*. BRITTEN Lachrymae; Peter Collyer *viola*, Elizabeth Hayes *piano*.

**March 14**

**THE RCM CHORUS, CHAMBER CHOIR and SINFONIA**

*conductor* SIR DAVID WILLCOCKS

HOLST The Hymn of Jesus: DELIUS Sea Drift; Gerald Finley *baritone*. ELGAR Enigma Variations.

**March 19**

**EARLY MUSIC CONCERT**

Mediaeval group: 'Redit Aetas Arua', 'Beata Viscera', 'Edi Beo Thu' and 'Regis Vasa'; Caroline Segolo, Lynne Rowland and Simon Rendall. Consort Songs: BYRD 'O Lord how vain' and 'Suzanna Fair', and BENNETT 'Venus' Bird'; Laurie Stras, Carolyn Kershaw, Christine Chapman, Carolyn Segolo, Francis Baines. Recorders: HOLBORNE Fantasias, STONINGS Browninge my Dere, and BASSANO Pavan, Galliard and Coranto; Caroline Segolo, Caroline Kershaw, Lynne Rowland, Christine Chapman, Margaret Barrow. HOLBORNE Solo; William Badley *bandora*. ROBINSON Plaine Song and A Toye; Clive Ungless and William Badley *lute duet*. ANON Solo; Nizar Ismael *lute*. MORLEY La Coranto, ALLISON Batchelars' Delight and Dela Tromba Pavin, and MORLEY La Coranto; Caroline Kershaw *treble viol*, Lynne Rowland *recorder*, Sally Civval *lute*, William Badley *cittern*, Jakob Lindberg *bandora*. F. COUPERIN 3me Lecon de Tenèbres; Sandra Lissenden and Laurie Stras *sopranos*, David King *harpsichord*, Sally Civval *bass viol*. MARAIS Suite in G minor; Caroline Kershaw and Blaise Hall *recorders*, Sophie Yates *harpsichord*, Sally Civval *bass viol*. L. COUPERIN Suite; Sophie Yates *harpsichord*. LECLAIR Trio Sonata in D; Alison Rozario *violin*, Sally Civval *bass viol*, David King *harpsichord*.

**March 20**

**ABENDLIEDER**

'Einkehr und Bessinung'

MOZART Two Songs; Anna Liebeck *soprano*, Mark Dorrell *piano*. SCHUBERT Two Songs; John Sear *tenor*, Mark Dorrell *piano*. SCHUMANN Two Songs; Melanie Marshall *contralto*, Antonia Ogonovsky *piano*. B. WARREN 'Jona' (1st perf.); Andrew Field *baritone*, Graham Berkeley and Nicholas Davies *violins*, Rebecca Carrington *viola*, Katherine Arnold *cello*. J. LITTLEJOHN Two Songs (1st perf.); Eleanor Forbes *soprano*, David Gowland *piano*. SCHUBERT Der 23. Psalm, and BRAHMS Der Braeuntigam; The German Class Singers, Margaret Ozanne *piano*, Robin Fountain *conductor*. MOZART Two Songs; Erin O'Hanlon *soprano*, Llewellyn Rayappen *piano*. BACH Aria from Cantata no.145, and BRAHMS Two Songs; Ross Campbell *baritone*, Llewellyn Rayappen *piano*. BRAHMS Three Songs; Fiona Rose *soprano*, Antonia Ogonovsky *piano*. R. STRAUSS Two Songs; Alison Charlton-West *soprano*, Christopher Ross *piano*. HAYDN Abendlied zu Gott; The German Class Singers, Margaret Ozanne *piano*, Robin Fountain *conductor*.

**March 21**

**THE RCM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

*conductors* JOSEPH HOROVITZ and JOHN FORSTER

ROSSINI Overture: The Thieving Magpie. JOSEPH HOROVITZ Trumpet Concerto; Jonathan Holland *trumpet*. PROKOFIEV Piano Concerto no.3; Amanda Hurton *piano*. DVORAK Symphony no.6.

**March 22**

**WIND ENSEMBLES CONCERT**

MOZART Serenade no.10, K361; Imogen Smith and Sarah Crompton *oboes*, Amanda Walker and Joanne Clements *clarinets*, Nicholas Carpenter and Paul Mason *basset horns*, Gordon Laing and Martien Hanlon *bassoons*, Jonathan West, Karen Durant, Jeanette Murphy and Vanessa Price *horns*, Judith Evans *double-bass*, directed by Douglas Moore. HINDEMITH Wind Quintet; Kevin Gowland *flute*, Derek Harris *oboe*, Paul Richards *clarinet*, Nichola Wingrove *bassoon*, Elizabeth Randell *horn*. MILHAUD La Cheminée du Roi René; Anna Hopkins *flute*, Jacqueline Nash *oboe*, Joanne Clements *clarinet*, Sarah Howard *bassoon*, Karen Durant *horn*. POULENC Sextet; Kevin Gowland *flute*, Jennifer



Hindell *oboe*, Michael Bland *clarinet*, Gordon Laing *bassoon*, Elizabeth Randell *horn*, Moira Hopfe *piano*. JOSEPH HOROWITZ Music Hall Suite; William O'Sullivan and Julian Brewer *trumpets*, Jeanette Murphy *horn*, Peter Walker *trombone*, Richard Sandland *tuba*. R. STRAUSS Wind Symphony (1st movt.); Kevin Gowland and Anna Hopkins *flutes*, Philip Gittings and Catherine Lowe *oboes*, Roshan Hughes, Michael Bland, Alexander Allen and Paul Richards *clarinets*, Paul Mason *basset horn*, Sarah Howard and Nicola Wingrove *bassoons*, Gordon Laing *double-bassoon*, Jeanette Murphy, Vanessa Price, Elizabeth Randell and Jonathan West *horns*, directed by Douglas Moore.

**March 27, 28, 29 and 30**

### OPERA WORKSHOP

designer DAVID GORRINGE

THEA MUSGRAVE *The Abbot of Drimock*; Sebastian Swane/James Norris *The Abbot*, Sandra Porter/Shelagh Stuchbery *Geills*, Jane Cammack, Vickie Jaffee *Bess*, Christine Beaumont/Eleanor Forbes *Maggie*, John McHugh/Wills Morgan *Tam*, John Sear/Martin Oxenham *Doctor*, Vitus Chan/Noel Mann *Notary*, Nicholas Whiting *violin*, Michael Allis *cello*, Jane Evans *oboe*, David Gowland *clarinet*, Sandra Hilliam *bassoon*, Avril Fernie *horn*, Thomas Arnold and Mary Keatinge *percussion*, Robin Fountain *conductor*, Bryan Drake *director*. SAMUEL BARBER *A Hand of Bridge*; Susan Burgess/Fiona Rose/Ann Liebeck *Geraldine*, Sandra Porter/Jane Cammack *Sally*, Wills Morgan/John McHugh *Bill*, Martin Oxenham/Vitus Chan *David*, Nicholas Whiting and George Mattar *violins*, Fergus Scarfe *viola*, Michael Allis *cello*, Claire Moroney *double-bass*, Miranda Zwalf *flute*, Jane Evans *oboe*, David Gowland *clarinet*, Sandra Hilliam *double-bassoon*, Martin Earle *trumpet*, Thomas Arnold and Mary Keatinge *percussion*, Charles Kilpatrick *conductor*, Nigel Douglas *director*. SULLIVAN *Trial by Jury*; Sebastian Swane/James Norris *Usher*, Martin Oxenham/John Sear *Judge*, Vitus Chan *Foreman*, John McHugh/Wills Morgan *Defendant*, Erin O'Hanlon/Alison Charlton-West/Fiona Rose *Plaintiff*, John Sear/Noel Mann *Counsel*, Ann Liebeck/Susan Burgess *First Bridesmaid*, Opera School Members and their guests *Chorus*, Kay Lawrence *choreographer*, RCM Sinfonietta, David Tod Boyd *conductor*, Nigel Douglas *director*.

### BOOKS AND MUSIC RECEIVED

*Mention in these lists neither implies nor precludes review*

Juliette Alvin: 'Music Therapy' (John Clare Books £5.95)

Denis Arnold: 'Bach' (OUP £1.95 paperback, £7.95 hardback)

David B. Greene: 'Mahler, Consciousness and Temporality' (Gordon and Breach, \$35.00)

Clive Priestley (with David Allen, John Ashworth and Ian Trumper): *Financial Scrutiny of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden Ltd.* (HMSO Vols. I and II together £18.00)

Hungarian Musical Guide no. XXII

The Royal Academy of Music Magazine no. 283 Autumn 1983 and no. 234 Spring 1984

Music Competitions: a report (with Foreword by Martin Cooper) on the findings of a working party (European String Teachers' Association British Branch, £1.00)

ed. Alan Baker: 'The Story of Queen Alexandra's House 1884-1984' (Q.A.H., £1.50)

W. H. Anderson: 'Last Year', 'The Old Shepherd's Prayer', and Two Ukranian Folk Songs (Robertson 60p)

Charles Camilleri: *String quartet* (Robertson score £5.00)

*Fantasia concertante for cello solo* (Robertson £2.50)

Alun Hoddinnott: 'Great is the Lord' — anthem for SATB and organ (OUP 50p)

Philip Lane: *Mouvement Perpetuel for piano duet* (Robertson £1.50)

Antonin Tucapsky: 'Soliloquies' — four concert pieces for classical guitar (Robertson £1.80)

arr. Douglas Gillies: 'Sambalelo' — Latin American folk-song for unison voices with piano, optional descant recorder and optional percussion (OUP 40p)

arr. John R. Wood: 'Golden Morning' — Christmas and general carol for SATB and organ (OUP 35p)



# ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC UNION

FOUNDED 1906

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The subscription year commences on September 1st. *The RCM Magazine* (three issues a year) is included in the subscription. *The Magazine* is available to non-collegians on payment of £2 per annum.

Contributions of news items are welcomed from RCM Union members; also articles of suitable interest, photographs, or poems. These should reach the Editor not later than the last week of term, for consideration for the following term's issue.

The Loan Fund is available for the benefit of Union Members.

The Union Office (Room 34) is open on Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.

## **The Students' Association Committee**

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